

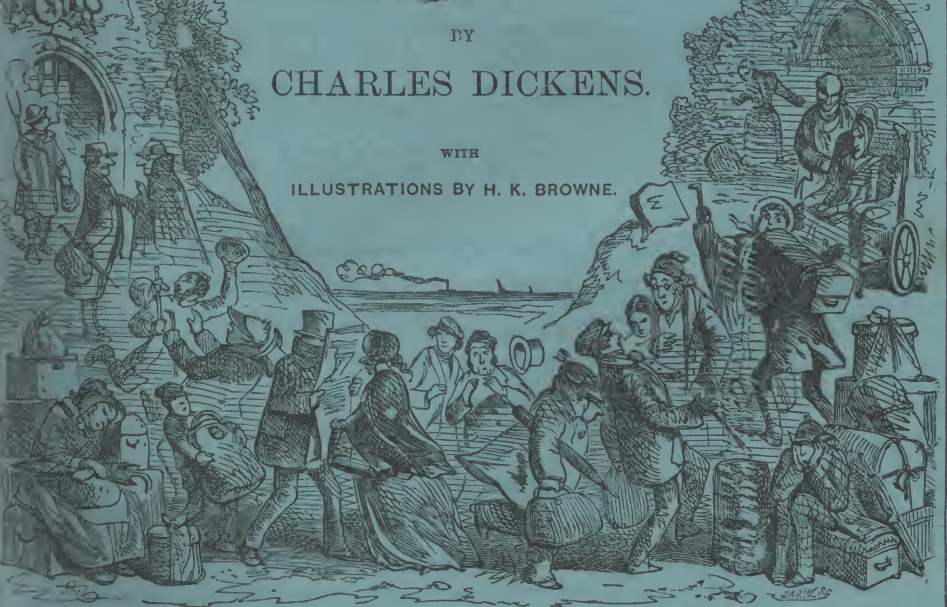


BY

CHARLES DICKENS.

WITH

ILLUSTRATIONS BY H. K. BROWNE.



LONDON. BRADBURY & EVANS, BOUVERIE STREET.

AGENTS: J. MENZIES, EDINBURGH; MURRAY AND SON, GLASGOW; J. M'GLASHAN, DUBLIN.

The Author reserves the right of Translation.

WATERPROOFS.

TO SPORTSMEN, TOURISTS, & TRAVELLERS.

EDMISTONS' POCKET SIPHONIA, OR WATERPROOF OVERCOAT.



SOLE Manufacturers of this celebrated Garment, remarkable for its lightness and softness of texture; easily folded to carry in the Pocket or on Saddle. The advantage of this Waterproofing consists in a new patent process, effectually resisting the heat of the sun and the most violent rains, and obviating the unpleasant smell common to all other Waterproofs. Price 40s.; all silk throughout, 45s. to 55s. Measurement: length of Coat, and size round the chest, over the Coat. Stout Siphonias, 21s. to 35s. Yacht Jackets, 18s. 6d. Overalls, 10s. 6d. Reversible Alpaca Coats, from 25s. to 33s. Waterproof Dust Coats, Tweed Capes and Sleeves, and ditto Ladies' Capes and Hoods, in great variety.

"WATERPROOFS.—The lightest and most effectual is the Siphonia, made by Edmiston & Son, of 69, Strand: they may be carried in the hat or pocket."—*Bell's Life*, April 20, 1851.

Knapsacks for Tourists, 18s. 6d.

WATER BEDS FOR INVALIDS,
£3 13s. 6d.; £5 5s. Od.; and £6 16s. 6d.

Inflated Hoops for Ladies' Dresses.

PORTABLE INDIA-RUBBER BOATS,

Suitable for Fishing and Shooting, in shallows at home or abroad, carried easily by one person.

MILITARY OUTFITS FOR HOME OR FOREIGN SERVICE

SUPPLIED ON THE SHORTEST NOTICE.

Camp Boots, Gloves, Ground Sheets, Folding Bedsteads, Over-land Trunks, Pack-Saddles, &c.

The attention of Officers is respectfully invited to the extensive assortment of

CAMP AND BARRACK FURNITURE.

Mahogany Chest of Drawers, in Cases, £9 9s. Wash-stand and Fittings, in Oak Tub, £5 15s.

EDMISTON & SON, 69 and 416, STRAND.

LITTLE DORRIT ADVERTISER.**MAPPIN'S CUTLERY & ELECTRO-SILVER PLATE.****Messrs. MAPPIN BROTHERS,**

MANUFACTURERS BY SPECIAL APPOINTMENT TO THE QUEEN,

Are the only Sheffield makers who supply the consumer direct in London, consequently admitting of no intervening profit between the manufacturer and the buyer. Their London Show Rooms, 67 and 68, King William Street, London Bridge, contain by far the largest stock of Cutlery and Electro-Silver Plate in the World, which is transmitted direct from their manufactory, Queen's Cutlery Works, Sheffield.

*Electro-Silver Spoons and Forks, Fiddle Pattern,
Full Size.*

Table Spoons	30s. per dozen.
Table Forks	30s. "
Dessert Spoons	27s. "
Dessert Forks	27s. "
Tea Spoons	16s. "

*Ivory Table Knives, Full Size, Balance Handles,
which cannot possibly come loose in hot water.*

Table Knives	22s. 6d. per dozen.
Dessert Knives	16s. 0d. "
Carvers	7s. 9d. per pair.

As above, with Sterling Silver Ferules.

Table Knives	31s. 0d. per dozen.
Dessert Knives	23s. 0d. "
Carvers	9s. 9d. per pair.

MESSRS. MAPPIN'S

CELEBRATED MANUFACTURES IN ELECTRO-PLATE,
COMPRISING TEA AND COFFEE SERVICES,
Side Dishes,
DISH COVERS, SPOONS, AND FORKS,

And all articles usually made in Silver, can now be obtained from
their London Warehouse,

No. 67, KING WILLIAM STREET, CITY,

**MAPPIN'S POCKET KNIVES, PRUNING KNIVES, SCISSORS, &c.,**

In every variety, warranted good by the Makers.

MAPPIN'S SUPERIOR TABLE KNIVES

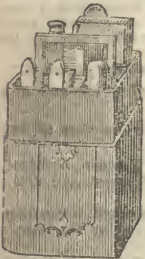
Maintain their unrivalled superiority—handles cannot possibly become loose; the blades are all of the very first quality, being their own Sheffield manufacture. Buyers supplied at their London Warehouse, 67 and 68, King William Street, City, and Queen's Cutlery Works, Sheffield.



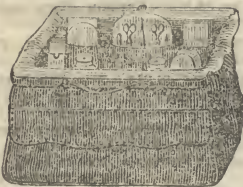
MESSRS. MAPPIN'S

DRESSING CASES AND TRAVELLING BAGS,

SENT DIRECT FROM THEIR MANUFACTORY.



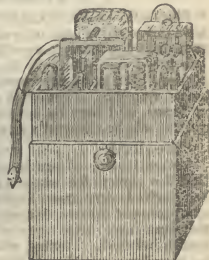
Mappin's Gentle-
man's Dressing
Case, fitted com-
plete, £1 1s.



Ladies' Travelling Toilette and
Dressing Bag, fitted complete,
£4 15s.



Gentlemen's Travelling Dressing
Bag, fitted complete, £4 8s.



Mappin's Solid Leather
Dressing Case, fitted
complete, £2 2s.

MESSRS. MAPPIN BROTHERS respectfully invite buyers to inspect their unprecedented display, which, for beauty of design, exquisite workmanship, and novelty, stands unrivalled. Their Illustrated Catalogue, which is continually receiving additions of new designs, will be forwarded post free on application.

MAPPIN BROTHERS,

Queen's Cutlery Works, Sheffield; and 67, King William Street, London,
WHERE THE STOCK IS SENT DIRECT FROM THE MANUFACTORY.

NO MORE PILLS NOR ANY OTHER MEDICINE,

FOR INDIGESTION (DYSPEPSIA), CONSTIPATION, NERVOUS, BILIOUS,
AND LIVER COMPLAINTS, COUGH, ASTHMA, CONSUMPTION, AND DEBILITY.

DU BARRY'S DELICIOUS REVALENTA ARABICA FOOD



moreover, the best food for infants and invalids generally, as it never turns acid on the weakest stomach, nor interferes with a good liberal diet, but imparts a healthy relish for lunch and dinner, and restores the faculty of digestion, and nervous and muscular energy to the most enfeebled. Supported by testimonials from the celebrated Professor of Chemistry, Dr. Andrew Ure, Dr. Shorland, Dr. Harvey, Dr. Campbell, Dr. Gattiker, Dr. Wurzer, Dr. Ingram; Lord Stuart de Decies, the Dowager Countess of Castlestuart, and 50,000 other well known individuals, whose health has been restored by this useful and economical diet, after all other means had been tried in vain, for many years, and all hopes of recovery abandoned.

A few out of 50,000 cures are here given:—

Analysis by the celebrated Professor of Chemistry,
Andrew Ure, M.D., F.R.S., &c. &c.
London, 24, Bloomsbury-square.

I hereby certify, that having examined Du Barry's Revalenta Arabica, I find it to be a pure vegetable Farina, perfectly wholesome, easily digestible, likely to promote a healthy action of the stomach and bowels, and thereby to counteract dyspepsia, (Indigestion) constipation, and their nervous consequences.

ANDREW URE, M.D., F.R.S., &c., Analytical Chemist.
UKASE BY THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.

Russian Consulate-General, London, Dec. 1847.
The Consul-General has been ordered to inform Messrs. Barry, Du Barry & Co., that the Revalenta Arabica sent to His Majesty the Emperor, has, by imperial permission, been forwarded to the Minister of the Imperial Palace.

Cure No. 71, of dyspepsia, from the Right Hon. the LORD STUART DE DECIES,—"I have derived considerable benefit from Du Barry's Revalenta Arabica Food, and consider it due to yourselves and the public to authorise the publication of these lines.

STUART DE DECIES."

Cure 52,612.—Rosstrevor, County of Down, Ireland,
9 December, 1854.

"The DOWAGER COUNTESS OF CASTLESTUART feels induced, in the interest of suffering humanity, to state that Du Barry's excellent Revalenta Arabica Food has cured her, after all Medicines had failed, of Indigestion, bile, great nervousness and irritability of many years' standing. This Food deserves the confidence of all sufferers, and may be considered a real blessing. Enquiries will be cheerfully answered."

Cure 41,617.

"Winchester, Dec. 3, 1847.

"Gentlemen,—I am happy to be able to inform you that the person for whom your Revalenta was procured has derived very great benefit from its use; distressing symptoms of dropsy, dyspepsia, and constipation of long standing have been removed, and a feeling of restored health induced. Having witnessed the beneficial effects in the above-mentioned case, I can with confidence recommend it, and shall have much pleasure in doing so whenever an opportunity offers, &c. &c.

JAMES SHORLAND, late Surgeon 96th Regiment."

Cure No. 49,832.—"Fifty years' indescribable agony from dyspepsia, nervousness, asthma, cough, constipation,

SAVES fifty times its cost in other remedies, and cures the above complaints and their consequences, such as:—Flatulency, distension, acidity, heartburn, hæmorrhoidal complaints, palpitation of the heart, nervous headaches, hysteria, neuralgia, deafness, noises in the head and ears, pains at the pit of the stomach and between the shoulders, erysipelas, eruptions of skin, impurities and poverty of the blood, scrofula, dropsy, rheumatism, gout, nausea and sickness during pregnancy, after eating, or at sea, low spirits, spasms, epileptic fits, spleen, general debility, inquietude, sleeplessness, involuntary blushing, paralysis, tremors, dislike to society, unfitness for study, loss of memory, delusions, vertigo, blood to the head, exhaustion, melancholy, groundless fear, indecision, wretchedness. It is,

flatulency, spasms, sickness at the stomach and vomiting, have been removed by Du Barry's excellent food.

MARIA JOLY, Wortham Ling, near Diss, Norfolk."

Cure No. 47,121.—Miss Elizabeth Jacobs, of Nazing Vicarage, Walthamcross, Herts; a cure of extreme nervousness, indigestion, gatherings, low spirits, and nervous fancies.

Cure No. 4208.—"Eight years dyspepsia, nervousness, debility with cramps, spasms, and nausea, for which my servant had consulted the advice of many, have been effectually removed by Du Barry's health restoring food. I shall be happy to answer any inquiries.

REV. JOHN W. FLAVELL, Ridlington, Rectory, Norfolk."

Cure 52,422.—"Bridgehouse, Frimley, April 3, 1854.

"Thirty-three years' diseased lungs, spitting of blood, liver derangement, deafness, ringing in the ears, constipation, debility, shortness of breath, and cough, have been removed by your Revalenta Arabica. My lungs, liver, stomach, head, and ears, are all right, my hearing perfect, and my recovery is a marvel to all my acquaintances."

JAMES ROBERTS, Wood Merchant."

Cure No. 180.—"Twenty-five years' nervousness, constipation, indigestion, and debility, from which I have suffered great misery, and which no medicine could remove or relieve, have been effectually cured by Du Barry's Food in a short time.

W. R. REEVES, 181, Fleet-street, London."

No. 32,814.—Captain Allen, recording the cure of a lady from epileptic fits.

No. 37,403.—Samuel Laxton, Esq., a cure of two years' diarrhoea.

Cure No. 48,314.—Miss Elizabeth Yeoman, Gateacre, near Liverpool: a cure of ten years dyspepsia and all the horrors of nervous irritability.

Cure No. 3906.—"Thirteen years cough, indigestion, and general debility have been removed by Du Barry's excellent Revalenta Arabica Food.

JAMES PORTER, Athol Street, Perth."

From the Venerable ARCHDEACON OF ROSS.

No. 32,836.—"Three years' excessive nervousness, with pains in my neck and left arm, and general debility which rendered my life very miserable, has been radically removed by Du Barry's health-restoring Food.

ALEX. STUART, Archdeacon of Ross, Skibbereen."

Suitably packed for all climates, and with full instructions. In canisters, 1 lb., 2s. 9d.; 2 lb., 4s. 6d.; 5 lb., 11s.; 12 lb., 22s.; Super-refined quality, 1 lb., 6s.; 2 lb., 11s.; 5 lb., 22s.; 10 lb., 33s. The 10 lb. and 12 lb. canisters are forwarded carriage free on receipt of post-office order. BARRY DU BARRY & CO., 77, Regent-street, London: FORTNUM, MASON, & Co., Purveyors to Her Majesty, 182, Piccadilly; also at 60, Gracechurch-street, 330, Strand, 63 and 150, Oxford-street.

10,000 Elegant Fans to be given away to all Purchasers, or sent free by Post on receipt of Four Stamps.

T. A. SIMPSON & Co.

(T. A. SIMPSON, FROM MESSRS. HOWELL, JAMES & CO.),

154, REGENT STREET, & 8, BEAK STREET.

WEDDING & BIRTHDAY PRESENTS.

T. A. SIMPSON & CO., Goldsmiths, Jewellers, Watch and Clock Manufacturers, and Importers of every description of Fancy Novelties and articles of Vertu and utility, beg respectfully to inform their Patrons, the Nobility and Gentry, that they are constantly receiving from their agents at Paris, Vienna, and Frankfort, every novelty in fancy manufactures as soon as produced, and as the greater portion of T. A. S. and Co.'s stock is manufactured expressly for them, their selection is unrivalled, and calculated to maintain the well-known reputation of their house.

For the guidance of those who may be unable to honour their establishment with a visit, T. A. S. & Co. submit the following limited quotation from their stock, assuring them that any commands entrusted to their care, will meet with their best and prompt attention:—

French Drawing-room Clocks.....	from £2	2	0	to £50	0	0		
French Dining-room Clocks	—	1	5	0	—	20	0	0
Ladies' Gold Watches	—	4	4	0	—	50	0	0
Silver Watches	—	2	10	0	—	20	0	0
Gold Guard Chains	—	2	2	0	—	18	0	0
Gold Albert Chains	—	1	15	0	—	18	0	0
Silver-mounted Smelling Bottles	—	0	2	6	—	5	10	0
Gold-mounted Ditto	—	2	10	0	—	12	10	0
Gold and Enamel Lockets	—	0	10	0	—	15	0	0
Gold Necklet Chains, with Pendants	—	2	5	0	—	50	0	0
Gold and Silver Pencil-cases	—	0	2	6	—	8	10	0
Full Dress and other Fans	—	0	1	0	—	10	0	0
Ladies' Dressing-cases, electro-plated	—	1	10	0	—	15	0	0
Ladies' Dressing-cases, silver fitted	—	5	10	0	—	100	0	0
Gentlemen's Dressing-cases	—	1	0	0	—	50	0	0
Work-boxes, in choice woods	—	0	8	6	—	10	0	0
Writing-desks, ditto	—	0	10	6	—	15	0	0
Jewel-cases and Caskets	—	1	1	0	—	30	0	0
Envelope-cases and Blotters	—	1	8	0	—	10	0	0
Letter-weighers (Simpson's)	—	0	8	6	—	6	10	0
Walnut-wood Inkstands	—	0	8	6	—	0	15	0
Morocco Carriage Bags	—	0	10	0	—	10	0	0
Ladies' Morocco Bags, fitted with every requisite } for Dressing, Writing, and Working	—	3	10	0	—	65	0	0
Gentlemen's Dressing Bags	—	3	15	0	—	45	0	0
Opera Glasses.....	—	0	10	6	—	12	10	0
Bronze or Ormolu Candlesticks.....	—	0	5	0	—	9	10	0
Ditto Candelabra	—	3	0	0	—	35	0	0
Ormolu Card Trays	—	0	7	6	—	4	10	0
Ormolu Mounted Vases	—	0	6	6	—	10	0	0
Bagatelle Boards	—	2	0	0	—	20	0	0

Gold, Silver, Jet, and Gilt Bracelets, Brooches, Rings, Necklets, Lockets, Earrings, Studs, Pins, and every description of Jewellery, at moderate prices.
Bronzes, Porcelains, Ormolu Table Ornaments, Inkstands, Card Trays, Candelabra, Tazzas, Tapers, Match Boxes, Miniature Frames for the Table, Opera Glasses, Toilet Bottles and Cases, Letter Clips, Trinket Boxes, Ring Stands, Watch Stands, Pen Trays, Glove and Netting Boxes, Paper Knives, Carriage Bags, Reticules, Portemonnais, Chess and Backgammon Boards, Card Cases, Vinageretts, Fuzee Cases, Fruit Knives, Hand Screens, &c., &c., and a large Stock of other articles suitable for Presents, but too various to enumerate.

T. A. SIMPSON & Co.,

154, REGENT STREET, & 8, BEAK STREET, LONDON,

AND AT

34, RUE DE RIVOLI, PARIS.

10,000 Elegant Fans to be given away to all Purchasers, or sent free by Post on receipt of Four Stamps.

10,000 Elegant Fans to be given away to all Purchasers, or sent free by Post on receipt of Four Stamps.

10,000 Elegant Fans to be given away to all Purchasers, or sent free by Post on receipt of Four Stamps.

NEW ILLUSTRATED WORKS.

Preparing for Publication.

MASTER JACKY IN LOVE.

Being a sequel to "YOUNG TROUBLESOME," or "MASTER JACKY'S HOLIDAYS."

A SERIES OF PLATES, PLAIN AND COLOURED.

BY JOHN LEECH.

Just published in Handsome Folio, Price 12s.,

THE SECOND SERIES OF PICTURES OF LIFE AND CHARACTER.

FROM THE COLLECTION OF MR. PUNCH. BY JOHN LEECH.

This day Published, Price 1s., No. 2 of

"ASK MAMMA;"

OR, THE RICHEST COMMONER IN ENGLAND.

By the Author of "Sponge's Tour," "Handley Cross," "Hawbuck Grange," &c.

WITH COLOURED ILLUSTRATIONS ON STEEL, AND NUMEROUS WOODCUTS.

BY JOHN LEECH.

Nearly ready, Price 9s., in Handsome Cloth,

THE SECOND VOLUME OF THE POPULAR HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

BY CHARLES KNIGHT.

ILLUSTRATED WITH EIGHT STEEL PLATES, AND NUMEROUS WOOD ENGRAVINGS.

Including from the reign of Richard II. to the reign of Edward VI.

Separate Cases for binding the Parts may also be had through the medium of any Bookseller, or of the Publishers.

Nearly ready, Price 10s. cloth. Vol. IV. of

THE CYCLOPÆDIA OF BIOGRAPHY, OR THIRD DIVISION OF THE ENGLISH CYCLOPÆDIA, Conducted by CHARLES KNIGHT.

This work, when finished, will form the most comprehensive BIOGRAPHICAL DICTIONARY extant. The Biographical Articles of "The Penny Cyclopædia" furnish the foundation of the Work, which with large additions bringing those valuable materials up to the present time, includes such living names as must hereafter find a place in the history of Politics, Religion, Literature, Art, and Science.

BRADBURY AND EVANS, 11, BOUVERIE STREET.

Just published, Crown 8vo, with numerous Illustrations, Price 7s. 6d.,

THE EGYPTIANS IN THE TIME OF THE PHARAOHS

BEING A COMPANION TO THE CRYSTAL PALACE EGYPTIAN COLLECTIONS.

By SIR J. GARDNER WILKINSON.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

AN INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF EGYPTIAN HIEROGLYPHS

By SAMUEL BIRCH.

PUBLISHED FOR THE CRYSTAL PALACE COMPANY BY BRADBURY & EVANS,
11, BOUVERIE STREET.

"Familiar in their Mouths as *HOUSEHOLD WORDS*,"—SHAKESPEARE.

PART 84 of *HOUSEHOLD WORDS*, Conducted

by CHARLES DICKENS. Published, this day, price 9d., contains:—

STORES FOR THE FIRST OF APRIL.

HOVELING.

A JOURNEY DUE NORTH. Tehorni Narod (The Black People)—The Iks.

SONG OF AN EXILE.

THE DEAD SECRET: Chapters 12, 13, 14, 15.

MANY NEEDLES IN ONE HOUSEWIFE.

PERFUMES.

THE PREDATORY ART. In Four Chapters.

LITTLE COMMISSIONS.

ACROSS COUNTRY.

THE HIMALAYA CLUB.

A WHALE IN WHITECHAPEL.

THE MIDNIGHT BOAT.

THE HUMBLE CONFESSION OF A TENOR.

JEMIMA COURT-HOUSE.

THE COLLIER AT HOME.

HOW THE AVALANCHE COMES DOWN AT BARÈGES.

A VISION OF A STUDIOUS MAN.

A PUZZLING GAZETTEER.

BASHI-BAZOUKS.

Published in Weekly Numbers, Monthly Parts, and Half-yearly Volumes, all of which are always on Sale with any Bookseller or News vendor.

OFFICE, 16, WELLINGTON STREET NORTH, STRAND, LONDON.

WORKS ON GARDENING, BOTANY, &c.

THE VEGETABLE KINGDOM; OR, THE STRUCTURE, CLASSIFICATION, AND USES OF PLANTS. Illustrated upon the natural system. By DR. LINDLEY. In One Volume, 8vo, cloth, price 36s., with upwards of 500 Illustrations.

THE ELEMENTS OF BOTANY, Structural and Physiological. By DR. LINDLEY. With a Glossary of Technical Terms. In One Volume, 8vo, cloth, with numerous Illustrations, price 12s. * * The Glossary may be had separately, price 5s. cloth.

MEDICAL AND OECONOMICAL BOTANY. By DR. LINDLEY. With numerous Illustrations. A New Edition, in One Volume, 8vo, cloth, price 7s. 6d.

SCHOOL BOTANY; OR, THE RUDIMENTS OF BOTANICAL SCIENCE. By DR. LINDLEY. In One Volume, 8vo, half-bound, with 400 Illustrations, price 5s. 6d.

PAXTON'S FLOWER GARDEN. Edited by SIR JOSEPH PAXTON, and DR. LINDLEY. Complete in Three Volumes, price 33s. each, elegantly bound in cloth. * * This work appeared in Monthly Parts, which are still on sale, price 2s. 6d. each.

PAXTON'S BOTANICAL DICTIONARY; Comprising the Names, History, and Culture of all Plants known in Britain, together with a full Explanation of Technical Terms. By SIR JOSEPH PAXTON. Crown 8vo, price 16s. cloth extra.

THE LADIES' COMPANION TO THE FLOWER GARDEN. Being an Alphabetical Arrangement of all the Ornamental Plants grown in Gardens and Shrubberies. With Full Directions for their Culture. By MRS. LOUDON. Sixth Edition, cloth gilt, price 7s.

THE HANDBOOK OF GARDENING. For the use of persons who possess a small Garden. By EDWARD KEMP. The Eleventh Edition, enlarged and improved. Neatly bound in cloth, price 2s.

THE FERNS OF GREAT BRITAIN, NATURE-PRINTED By HENRY BRADBURY. With full Descriptions of their Different Species and Varieties by THOMAS MOORE, F.L.S., and edited by DR. LINDLEY. In imp. folio, handsomely bound in half-morocco, with gilt edges, price £6 6s.

"We have here, on fifty-one large plates, pictures of all our British kinds of Ferns, with their principal variations of form presented to us with precisely the same appearance as would be exhibited if the living species were placed flat upon sheets of white paper. The merest tyro may identify in a few minutes any species by simply placing the living leaf side by side with its portrait, which reproduces it in the minutest detail and in its natural dimensions. In turning over the beautiful plates, it is hard to say which is most to be admired—the elegance and delicacy of the objects represented, the almost miraculous fidelity with which they have been produced, or the ingenuity and patience by which such results have been obtained. Not merely the forms, but the delicate veining of the foliage, and the fruit-heaps on the fertile leaves are brought clearly out; the veins, indeed, appear more distinctly than in the real objects, and in this respect are an assistance to the botanist in deciphering, as it were, the Fern itself."—*QUARTERLY REVIEW*.

BRADBURY & EVANS, 11, ROUVERIE STREET.

NEW TALE BY CARLETON.

Just published, price 2s.,

WILLY REILLY, AND HIS DEAR

COOLEEN BAWN. A Tale of the most thrilling interest. By WILLIAM CARLETON, Illustrated by GEORGE MEASON, Esq.

"This is a charming story . . . founded upon incidents so romantic that no fiction can exaggerate the actual truth."—*Athenæum*.

"Mr. Carleton has never written a more vigorous story than this."—*Observer*.

Dublin: JAMES DUFFY, 7, Wellington-quay.

London: G. PHILIP & SON, 32, Fleet-street.

New and Cheaper Edition (at the rate of 3s. 6d. per volume), in 10 vols., fcap., £1 15s., cloth lettered,

MISS EDGEWORTH'S NOVELS

AND TALES: Containing all that was in the former edition of 18 volumes, and now first including her last novel "Helen," embellished with Engravings on steel by Goodall, Engleheart, J. W. Cook, Rolis, and other eminent engravers, from paintings by Harvey.

London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.; Whittaker, & Co.; E. Hodgson; Washbourne & Co.; H. G. Bohn; Smith, Elder, & Co.; Houlston & Co.; J. Bain; H. Renshaw; Tegg & Co.; Routledge & Co.; C. Templeman; Willis & Sotheman; and G. and J. Robinson, Liverpool.

3 vols., post 8vo, price 31s. 6d.
**MADARON; OR THE ARTISAN
 OF NISMES;**

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE OF THE 16TH CENTURY.

By M. D'AUBIGNE WHITE.

London: W. & F. G. CASH, 5, Bishopsgate-street
 Without.

Now ready, price 3s. 6d., neatly bound in cloth,
THE BALANCE OF BEAUTY;
 OR, THE LAST IMAGE RESTORED. By JANE
 KENNEDY, Author of "Sketches of Character,"
 "Julian," "Young Maids and Old Maids," "Things
 New and Old," &c. &c. &c.

London: W. KENT & Co., Paternoster-row, E.C.

Fifth Edition, with Additions by Professor Henfrey,
 8vo, 6s. cloth,

AN ANALYSIS of the BRITISH
 FERNS and their ALLIES. By G. W. FRANCIS,
 F.L.S. With Engravings. 5th Edition, revised by
 ARTHUR HENFREY, F.R.S., F.L.S., &c., Professor of
 Botany, King's College, London, and Lecturer on
 Botany at St. George's Hospital; with an additional
 Plate of the latest Discoveries.

"We highly recommend it to all desirous of becoming
 acquainted with this interesting race of plants."—*Flori-
 cultural Cabinet*.

"The clear and comprehensive manual of Mr.
 Francis. . . ."—*Quarterly Review*, Jan. 1857.

London: SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, & Co., Stationers'-Hall
 Court.

KIRBY AND SPENCE'S ENTOMOLOGY.

FOURTH THOUSAND OF THE SEVENTH AND CHEAPER
 EDITION.

Just published, in One closely-printed Volume of 600
 pages, crown 8vo, price 5s. cloth,

**INTRODUCTION TO ENTOMO-
 LOGY;** or Elements of the Natural History of
 Insects. Comprising an Account of Noxious and Useful
 Insects; of their Metamorphoses, Food, Stratagems,
 Societies, Motions, Hybernation, Instinct, &c. By
 WILLIAM KIRBY, M.A., F.R.S., F.L.S., Rector of
 Barham; and WILLIAM SPENCE, Esq., F.R.S., F.L.S.
 SEVENTH EDITION (fourth thousand), with an Appendix
 relative to the Origin and Progress of the Work.

"No work in the English
 language, we believe, has
 done more than Kirby and
 Spence's learned and popular
 Introduction to spread
 the taste for Natural His-
 tory at home. . . The book
 is, indeed, a marvel of
 cheapness, — considerably
 more than 600 closely-
 printed octavo pages for
 five shillings. . . To our
 readers, old and young,—
 parents, children, teachers,
 respectively—we say, 'buy
 and read:' enjoy, verify,
 and enlarge, by the use of
 your own eyes and faculties
 the curious details in rural
 economy, animal biograp-
 hy, and mental philoso-
 phy, amassed with so much
 study and personal obser-

vation, and digested with
 equal taste and judgment
 by the learned authors, in-
 dissolubly associated in
 fame and remembrance, as
 they were in life-long
 friendship, though now for
 a little while separated by
 a temporal change. To
 the survivor of the two we
 owe a very charming addi-
 tion to the volume, in the
 shape of letters and recol-
 lections connected with the
 first conception and pro-
 gress of the work, and the
 cordial friendship which,
 having originated and ma-
 tured the undertaking, so
 long survived its completion
 and participated its suc-
 cess."—*Natural History
 Review*, July, 1856, p. 51.

London: LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, LONGMANS, and
 ROBERTS.

WINES EXTRAORDINARY.—

PORT, SHERRY, MADEIRA, and MAR-
 SALA, all 20s. per dozen, really fine quality, produce of
 Spanish and Portuguese Vines, at the Cape of Good
 Hope, whence her Majesty's government allows wines to
 be imported for half duty. Two samples for 12 stamps.
 BRANDY, excellent, 30s. per dozen. W. & A. GILBRY,
 Wine Importers, 372, Oxford-street, W.

MUSLINS of the PAST SEASON.
 —The whole of the STOCK of the French Muslin
 Company to be cleared out at ridiculous prices for such
 goods. Patterns free. 16, Oxford Street.

KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES.

A SAFE and CERTAIN REMEDY
 for COUGHS, COLDS, HOARSENESS, and other
 affections of the Throat and Chest, in Incipient CON-
 SUMPTION, ASTHMA, and WINTER COUGH they are
 unfailing. Being free from every hurtful ingredient,
 they may be taken by the most delicate female or the
 youngest child; while the PUBLIC SPEAKER and PRO-
 FESSOR SINGER will find them invaluable in allaying
 the hoarseness and irritation incidental to vocal exertion,
 and also a powerful auxiliary in the production of
 MELODIOUS ENUNCIATION.

Prepared and Sold in Boxes, 1s. 1½d., and Tins, 2s. 9d.,
 4s. 6d., and 10s. 6d. each, by THOMAS KEATING,
 Chemist, &c., No. 79, St. Paul's Churchyard, London,
 and by all Druggists.

GOWLAND'S LOTION

For the Complexion.

TRAVELLERS and all persons exposed
 to the weather at this variable season will imme-
 diately on the application of this celebrated Herbal Pre-
 paration, experience its extraordinary genial qualities.
 It produces and sustains

**GREAT PURITY, DELICACY, AND
 VIVACITY OF COMPLEXION,**

removes freckles, spots and pimples, and promotes
 healthy action and elasticity of the skin. Its soothing
 and restorative qualities in cases of relaxed or irritable
 state of the skin are unrivalled.

CAUTION.—Observe the name of the Proprietor,
 E. C. BOURNE, 19, LAMB'S CONDUIT STREET, engraved
 on the Government Stamp.

Sold by all Chemists and Perfumers. Price, half
 pints, 2s. 9d.; Pints, 5s. 6d.; quarts, 8s. 6d.

BLAIR'S GOUT & RHEUMATIC PILLS.

Price 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. per box.

THIS preparation is one of the benefits
 which the science of modern chemistry has conferred
 upon mankind; for, during the first twenty years of the
 present century to speak of a cure for the Gout was con-
 sidered a romance; but now the efficacy and safety of
 this medicine is so fully demonstrated by unsolicited tes-
 timonials from persons in every rank of life, that public
 opinion proclaims Blair's Pills as one of the most import-
 ant discoveries of the age; and, in testimony of its effi-
 cacy, Mr. William Courtney, of Barton Stacey, Hants.
 says—"Having suffered much from Gout, I had resort
 to Blair's Pills, and within two hours I was quite easy.
 The use of these Pills ought really to be known all over
 the world."

These Pills require neither attention nor confinement,
 and are certain to prevent the disease attacking any vital
 part. Sold by PROUT and HARSANT, 229, STRAND,
 LONDON; and all Medicine Vendors.

PIESSE & LUBIN
 PERFUMERY FACTORS.

**GLYCERINE
 JELLY, (2s. Jars.)**

Exquisite for the Hands and Skin.
 Renders them soft, white,
 and healthy.

**2, New Bond Str.
 LONDON.**

Complete in one Volume, price 4s. 6d.,

THE BUTTERFLIES AND STOUT-BODIED MOTHS:

Forming the First Volume of

A MANUAL

OF

BRITISH BUTTERFLIES AND MOTHS,

By H. T. STANTON, Author of 'JUNE: a Book for the Country in Summer Time,' &c.

LONDON: JOHN VAN VOORST, 1, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.

With a Frontispiece. Second Thousand. Three Editions.

THE ENTOMOLOGIST'S ANNUAL FOR 1857.

Library edition, cloth gilt, 5s.; Original edition, 2s. 6d.; People's Shilling edition, 1s.

LONDON: JOHN VAN VOORST, 1, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.

Politics, Literature, Art, Life, and Manners of Our Time.

The Leader.

A POLITICAL AND LITERARY REVIEW.

Published EVERY SATURDAY in time for the Early Morning Mails, and sold by all News-Agents, or may be had direct from the Publisher. Price, Unstamped, Fivepence; Stamped, Sixpence.

LONDON: ALFRED EDMUND GALLOWAY, 352, STRAND.

ILKLEY WELLS HYDROPATHIC ESTABLISHMENT AND HOTEL.

THIS splendid Mansion stands on the borders of Rom-bald's Moor, overlooking Wharfedale, the finest valley in England, and surrounded by, or within a day's excursion of most of the grand and noted scenery of YORKSHIRE.

It enjoys the most exhilarating mountain air, and affords an unrivalled resort, with every home comfort and convenience for more than 100 guests. Physician — Dr. RISCHANEK.

Distant from Leeds, 16 miles; from Bradford, 14 miles; and from Skipton, 9 miles. The best route is generally by way of Leeds, whence there is daily communication. For Prospectus and further information, address the Manager, Mr. STRACHAN, ILKLEY WELLS, near OTLEY.



SALT AND CO.'S EAST INDIA & PALE BURTON ALES. BREWERY—BURTON-ON-TRENT.

STORES:—

LONDON	Hungerford Wharf.
LIVERPOOL	72, Henry Street.
MANCHESTER	37, Brown Street.
SHEFFIELD	12, George Street.
BIRMINGHAM	Old Court House, High Street.
BRISTOL	13, Small Street.
DUBLIN	4, Crown Alley.
EDINBURGH	Porthopetoun Warehouse.
GLASGOW	St. Vincent Place.

These Ales, in Casks of Eighteen Gallons and upwards, and in Bottle, may be obtained from all respectable Bottlers.

PERFECT FREEDOM FROM COUGHS IN TEN MINUTES,
AND INSTANT RELIEF AND A RAPID CURE OF
ASTHMA AND CONSUMPTION, COUGHS, COLDS,
AND ALL DISORDERS OF THE BREATH AND LUNGS, ARE INSURED BY



ANOTHER IMPORTANT TESTIMONIAL in favour of DR. LOCOCK'S PULMONIC WAFERS. From Mr. W. J. Cooper, surgeon, Canterbury—"Having heard the Wafers very highly spoken of by persons who have taken them with decided benefit, I have recommended them in several cases of *confirmed Asthma*, and their good effects have been truly astonishing. I now recommend them in all obstinate cases. W. J. COOPER, Surgeon.

The particulars of many hundreds of Cures may be had from every agent throughout the Kingdom. To SINGERS and PUBLIC SPEAKERS they are invaluable, as in a few hours they remove all hoarseness, and wonderfully increase the power and flexibility of the voice. THEY HAVE A PLEASANT TASTE.
Price 1s. 1d., 2s. 9d., and 11s. per box.

SOLD BY ALL MEDICINE VENDORS.

KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES.

AFFECTIONS OF THE LUNGS are the prevailing Diseases of the English climate, and the thousands who are now suffering from Asthma, Coughs, Incipient Consumption, and other Pulmonary Maladies, would at once be relieved, and by perseverance entirely cured, by adopting "KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES," which are perfectly free from all deleterious ingredients, and during the fifty years of their uninterrupted celebrity, have never been known to fail.

Prepared and sold in boxes, 1s. 1d., and Tins, 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 10s. 6d. each, by THOMAS KEATING, Chemist, &c., 79, St. Paul's Churchyard, London. Retail by all Druggists and Patent Medicine Vendors in the World.

N.B.—To prevent spurious imitation, please to observe that the words "KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES" are engraven on the Government Stamp of each Box, without which none are genuine.

THE GENTLEMEN'S REAL HEAD OF HAIR, OR INVISIBLE PERUKE.—The principle upon which this Peruke is made is so superior to everything yet produced, that the Manufacturer invites the honour of a visit from the Sceptic and the Connoisseur, that one may be convinced, and the other gratified, by inspecting this and other novel and beautiful specimens of the Perruqueian Art at the Establishment of the Sole Inventor, F. BROWNE, 47, FENCHURCH-STREET.

F. BROWNE'S INFALLIBLE METHOD OF MEASURING THE HEAD.

Round the Head in manner of a fillet, leaving the Ears loose	As dotted 1 to 1.	Inches.	Eighths.
From the Forehead over to the poll, as deep each way as required	As dotted 2 to 2.		
From one Temple to the other, across the rise of Crown of the Head to where the Hair grows	As marked 3 to 3.		

THE CHARGE FOR THIS UNIQUE HEAD OF HAIR ONLY £1 10s.



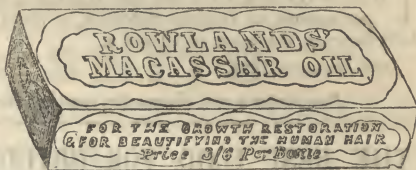
THE SUCCESSFUL RESULTS of the last HALF CENTURY have proved beyond question that

ROWLANDS' MACASSAR OIL

possesses peculiarly nourishing powers in the Growth, Restoration, and Improvement of the Human Hair. In the Growth of the BEARD, WHISKERS, and MUSTACHIOS, it is unfailing in its stimulative operation. For Children it is especially recommended, as forming the basis of a beautiful head of hair. Price 3s. 6d.; 7s.; Family Bottles (equal to four small), 10s. 6d.; and double that size, 21s.

IMPORTANT CAUTION.

To prevent the substitution of *Spurious Imitations* for the genuine article by unprincipled Shopkeepers, a New Label from Steel, by Messrs. Perkins, Bacon, and Co., is now used, which cannot be forged. The subjoined is a small copy in outline of a portion of the Label, as it appears round the bottle.



Another portion contains the Signature of the Proprietors, in red ink,

"A. ROWLAND & SONS,"

The whole, with the exception of the profile of Her Majesty the Queen, being covered with a lacework pattern in transparent colourless ink. Sold at 20, HATTON GARDEN, London, and by Chemists and Perfumers.

SLACK'S NICKEL SILVER

Is the hardest and most perfect White Metal ever invented: and equals Silver in durability and colour. Made into every article for the table, as TEA AND COFFEE POTS, CRUET FRAMES, CANDLESTICKS, WAITERS, &c.

A Sample Tea Spoon forwarded on receipt of Ten Stamps.

	Fiddle Pattern.	Strongest Thread.	King's Fiddle.	King's Pattern.
Table Spoons & Forks per doz.	12s. & 15s.	19s.	23s.	30s.
Dessert ditto	10s. & 13s.	16s.	21s.	25s.
Tea Spoons	5s. & 6s.	8s.	11s.	12s.

SLACK'S NICKEL ELECTRO-PLATED

Is a coating of pure Silver over Nickel; a combination of two metals possessing such valuable properties renders it in appearance and wear equal to Sterling Silver.

	Fiddle Pattern.	Thread.	King's.
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Table Forks, per dozen	1 10 0	2 0 0	2 16 0
Dessert ditto	1 0 0	1 10 0	2 0 0
Table Spoons	1 10 0	2 0 0	2 18 0
Dessert ditto	1 0 0	1 10 0	2 2 0
Tea Spoons	0 12 0	0 18 0	1 5 6

ALSO EVERY ARTICLE FOR THE TABLE.

A Sample Tea Spoon forwarded on receipt of Twenty Stamps.

SLACK'S TABLE CUTLERY AND FURNISHING IRONMONGERY

HAS BEEN CELEBRATED FOR NEARLY FIFTY YEARS FOR QUALITY AND CHEAPNESS.

As the limits of an advertisement will not allow a detailed List, Purchasers are requested to send for their Catalogue, with 200 Drawings, and Prices of every requisite in Electro-Plate, Table Cutlery, Furnishing Ironmongery, &c. May be had gratis, or free by post.

ORDERS ABOVE £2 DELIVERED CARRIAGE FREE PER RAIL.

RICHARD & JOHN SLACK, 336, STRAND.

(Opposite Somerset House.)



HANDSOME BRONZED FENDERS, 10s. AND 12s. 6d. EACH.

NOTICE OF DIVIDEND.

BANK OF DEPOSIT,

No. 3, PALL MALL EAST, LONDON.

THE WARRANTS for the HALF-YEARLY Interest, at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum, on Deposit Accounts, to the 31st December, are ready for delivery, and payable daily between the hours of 10 and 4.

10th January, 1857.

PETER MORRISON, Managing Director.

Prospectuses and Forms for opening Investment Accounts sent free on application.

THE BEST FOOD FOR CHILDREN, INVALIDS, AND OTHERS.

ROBINSON'S PATENT BARLEY,

For making superior **BARLEY WATER** in Fifteen minutes, has not only obtained the patronage of Her Majesty and the Royal Family, but has become of general use to every class of the community, and is acknowledged to stand unrivalled as an eminently pure, nutritious, and light food for Infants and Invalids; much approved for making a delicious Custard Pudding, and excellent for thickening Broths or Soups.

ROBINSON'S PATENT GROATS

For more than thirty years have been held in constant and increasing public estimation as the purest farinæ of the oat, and as the best and most valuable preparation for making a pure and delicate **GRUEL**, which forms a light and nutritious supper for the aged, is a popular recipe for colds and influenza, is of general use in the sick-chamber, and alternately with the Patent Barley, is an excellent food for Infants and Children.

Prepared only by the Patentees,

ROBINSON, BELLVILLE, AND CO.,

PURVEYORS TO THE QUEEN,

64, RED LION STREET, HOLBORN, LONDON.

Sold by all respectable Grocers, Druggists, and others in Town and Country, in Packets of 6d. and 1s.; and Family Canisters, at 2s., 5s., and 10s. each.

**FASHIONABLE
PARISIAN BONNETS,**

IN THE BEST TASTE, BY FIRST-RATE ARTISTES,
AND OF THE BEST AND NEWEST MATERIALS.
EXCELLENCE WITH ECONOMY.

BONNETS FOR THE SEASON, at 21s.

GLACÉ ditto 16s. 6d.

MOURNING ditto 14s. 6d.

BRIDES' BONNETS 21s.

BRIDESMAIDS' ditto 12s. 6d.

CAPS, COIFFURES, FLOWERS, WREATHS, AND
FEATHERS, IN GREAT VARIETY.

The Patent **CASPIATO** or **FOLDING BONNET**
packs in a box two inches deep, and surpasses all others
for Lightness, Comfort, and Style.—Prices as above.

INSTRUCTIONS FOR SELF-MEASUREMENT SENT POST-FREE.

A great variety on view at the Show Rooms of the Patentees,

J. & E. SMITH, 151, REGENT STREET,

OPPOSITE BEAK STREET, LONDON.

THE SPONSALIA,

246, REGENT STREET.

(OPPOSITE HANOVER CHAPEL.)

JAY AND SMITH

HAVING organised a system of business which has given extreme satisfaction to the Patrons of their house, they invite public attention to the leading features in the plan, and to their explanatory outline of the Departments into which the business is divided.

THE VISITOR

To their Establishment is invited to an inspection of the various Manufactures exhibited for sale, but on no pretence whatever importuned to make a purchase.

SHOULD A PURCHASE BE MADE,

And an alteration of opinion take place, an exchange will with pleasure be made.

THE PRICES ARE MARKED IN PLAIN FIGURES,

In order that the Purchaser may see there is but one uniform mode of making a charge.

SOMETHING NEW

For each of the Fancy Departments of their house, it is the great aim and endeavour of JAY & SMITH to obtain. If it be an article of but a few shillings value, it must be new, lady-like, and different to the great mass of cheap materials which become a lively throughout the kingdom.

THE BEST FABRICS

For the Plain Departments of their house are secured by a reliance upon Manufacturers of established reputation. Chemical science and mechanical skill having given the same finish and appearance to worthless goods which were formerly the distinguishing features in meritorious fabrication, the judgment of a Buyer is effectually set at naught.

THE DEPARTMENTS

Are arranged under separate heads; and the energetic rivalry displayed by each manager is productive of the happiest results. Goods of the most beautiful kind, and in charming variety, are selected; and the desires of the Customer are responded to with the greatest attention.

THE MANTLE DEPARTMENT

Comprises every description of Mantle in Silk, Velvet, Cashmere, and Cloth; the great novelty being the Bernous à la Bedouin, introduced by JAY & SMITH.

THE MILLINERY DEPARTMENT

Comprises every description of Bonnets, Caps, Head Dresses, Hair Ornaments, and Artificial Flowers. A Foreign Artist in Flowers is employed on the premises.

THE DRESS DEPARTMENT

Comprises every description of made-up Skirt for Full Dress, Evening Dress, or the Promenade. A great novelty in Triumming has been patented by JAY & SMITH, and will be ready in a few days.

THE LACE DEPARTMENT

Comprises every description of British and Foreign Lace, Muslin Works, and Cambric Handkerchiefs. Mantles, Jackets, Sleeves, Scarfs, and Squares in Lace and Muslin. The Spanish Mantilla is the great novelty.

THE OUTFITTING DEPARTMENT,

Which is under the management of a talented woman, comprises every description of underclothing for ladies, made up. Morning Wrappers, Dressing Gowns, &c. *Sea Island Long Cloths and Calicoes* have been made expressly for Jay and Smith. They rival the ancient cotton fabrics of India, and are a valuable addition to those exclusive and beautiful manufactures which they have collected with the view of rendering their house celebrated for the style in which they execute

WEDDING OUTFITS AND OUTFITS TO INDIA.

An Explanatory Book will be sent post-free on application.

UNDERCLOTHING FOR LADIES.

THE OUTFITTING ROOMS of the SPONSALIA are under the management of talented Women. In the Plain Department, Six good well made Chemises are supplied for a Guinea, and Six suitable for the voyage to India at a much less sum. In the Fancy Departments, every description of elaborate work and beautiful Embroidery will be found in great variety.

A NEWLY CONSTRUCTED CHEMISE OF GREAT MERIT HAS BEEN REGISTERED ACCORDING TO
ACT OF PARLIAMENT BY

JAY AND SMITH.

THE SPONSALIA, 246, REGENT STREET.

THE
ROYAL SANITARY POLICE OF PRUSSIA
 ON DR. DE JONGH'S
LIGHT-BROWN COD LIVER OIL.

"In answer to your letter of the 2nd ult., requesting permission to sell Dr. DE JONGH'S Cod Liver Oil in bottles, accompanied by his stamp and signature, the Royal Police of Prussia (Königliches-polizei-Praesidium) has the honour of informing you that it has caused the Oil to be submitted to an official investigation, and that the result of such investigation has proved it to be not only the genuine Cod Liver Oil, but, still further, that it is of a kind which distinguishes itself from the Cod Liver Oil in ordinary use, alike by its taste and chemical composition. Considering, moreover, that it has come to their knowledge that physicians generally recommend the use of DR. DE JONGH'S Oil in preference to the Cod Liver Oil in ordinary use, the Royal Police accedes to your request.

"KÖNIGLICHES-POLIZEI-PRAESIDIUM.

"To A. M. Blume, Chemist, Berlin."

"1^o Abtheilung."

DR. DE JONGH'S COD LIVER OIL

Has now, in consequence of its marked superiority over every other variety, secured the entire confidence and almost universal preference of the most eminent Medical Practitioners as the most speedy and effectual remedy for CONSUMPTION, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, GOUT, RHEUMATISM, SCIATICA, DIABETES, DISEASES OF THE SKIN, NEURALGIA, RICKETS, INFANTILE WASTING, GENERAL DEBILITY, AND ALL SCROFULOUS AFFECTIONS.

Sold ONLY in IMPERIAL Half-pints, 2s. 6d. ; Pints, 4s. 9d. ; Quarts, 9s. ; capsuled and labelled with DR. DE JONGH'S stamp and signature, WITHOUT WHICH NONE ARE GENUINE, by many respectable Chemists throughout the United Kingdom.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DÉPÔT,

ANSAR, HARFORD, & Co., 77, STRAND, LONDON, W. C.
 Dr. De Jongh's sole British Consignees.

By Her Majesty's Royal Letters Patent.

PERSIAN PARASOLS.

IN consequence of the great favour with which these novel and elegant Parasols were received last year, the Patentees have, at a considerable outlay, prepared a variety of new and beautiful patterns, (drawn expressly for them in Paris), which are now ready for inspection.

These Parasols, which are made without any seam, can also be had in plain colours, such as Brown, Blue, Drab, and Green.

Ladies are respectfully requested to observe that these new patterns in Persian Parasols can only be procured of the Patentees,

W. & J. SANGSTER,

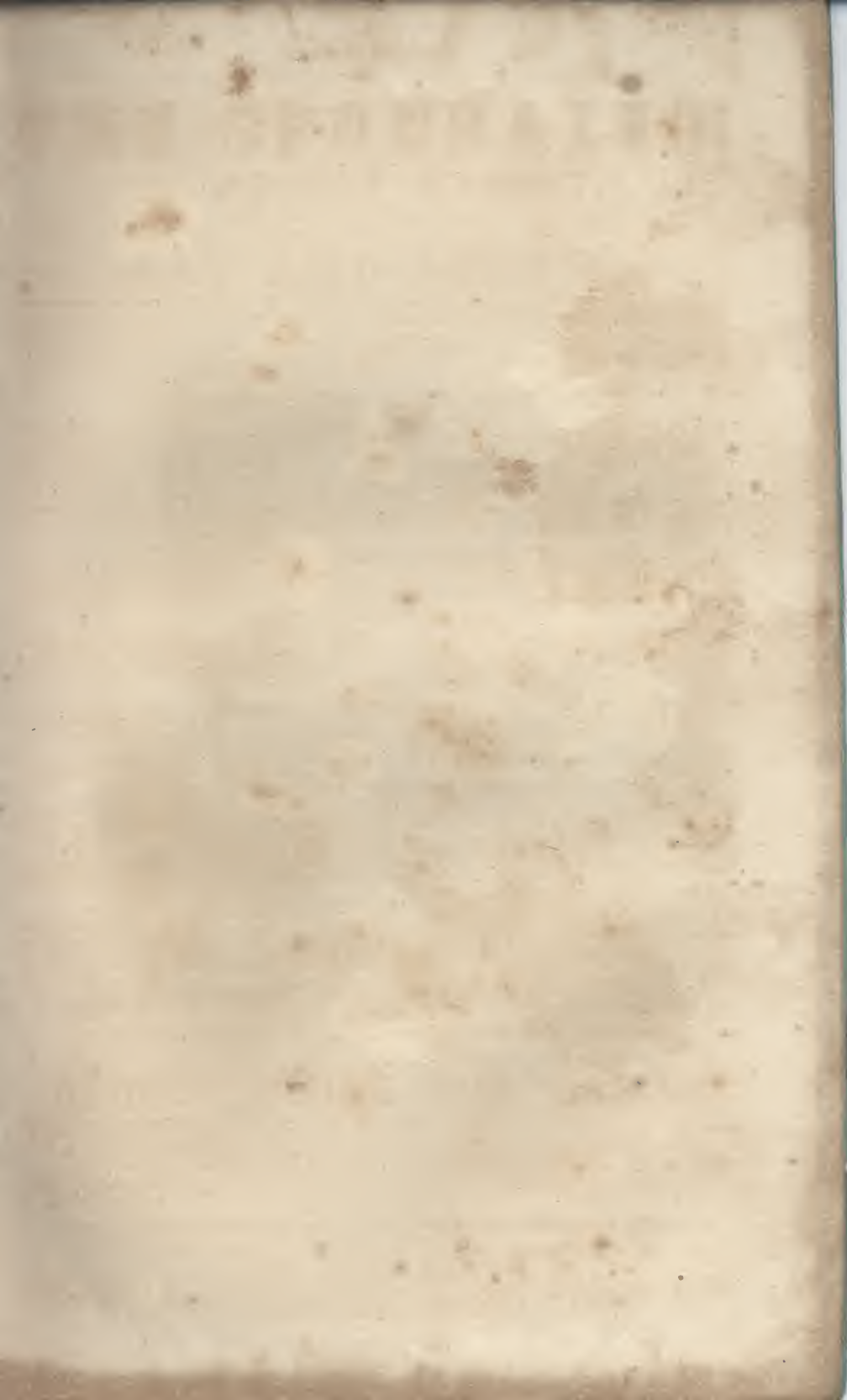
at either of their Establishments,

**140, RECENT STREET.
 94, FLEET STREET.**

**10, ROYAL EXCHANGE.
 75, CHEAPSIDE.**



N.B.—A large assortment of every other description of Parasols in Moires, China Crape, Irish Lace, and the best Lyons Silks.





Mr. Merdle a borrower.



Flora's tour of inspection.



CHAPTER XXIII.

MISTRESS AFFERY MAKES A CONDITIONAL PROMISE RESPECTING
HER DREAMS.

LEFT alone, with the expressive looks and gestures of Mr. Baptist, otherwise Giovanni Baptista Cavalletto, vividly before him, Clennam entered on a weary day. It was in vain that he tried to control his attention, by directing it to any business occupation or train of thought; it rode at anchor by the haunting topic, and would hold to no other idea. As though a criminal should be chained in a stationary boat on a deep clear river, condemned, whatever countless leagues of water flowed past him, always to see the body of the fellow creature he had drowned lying at the bottom, immovable, and unchangeable, except as the eddies made it broad or long, now expanding, now contracting its terrible lineaments; so Arthur, below the shifting current of transparent thoughts and fancies which were gone and succeeded by others as soon as come, saw, steady and dark, and not to be stirred from its place, the one subject that he endeavoured with all his might to rid himself of, and that he could not fly from.

The assurance he now had, that Blandois, whatever his right name, was one of the worst of characters, greatly augmented the burden of his anxieties. Though the disappearance should be accounted for tomorrow, the fact that his mother had been in communication with such a man, would remain unalterable. That the communication had been of a secret kind, and that she had been submissive to him and afraid of him, he hoped might be known to no one beyond himself; yet, knowing it, how could he separate it from his old vague fears, and how believe that there was nothing evil in such relations?

Her resolution not to enter on the question with him, and his knowledge of her indomitable character, enhanced his sense of helplessness. It was like the oppression of a dream, to believe that shame and exposure were impending over her and his father's memory, and to be shut out, as by a brazen wall, from the possibility of coming to their aid. The purpose he had brought home to his native country, and had ever since kept in view, was, with her greatest determination, defeated by his mother herself, at the time of all others when he feared that it pressed most. His advice, energy, activity, money, credit, all his resources whatsoever, were all made useless. If she had been possessed of the old fabled influence, and had turned those who looked upon her into stone, she could not have rendered him more completely powerless (so it seemed to him in his distress of mind) than she did, when she turned her unyielding face to his, in her gloomy room.

But, the light of that day's discovery, shining on these considerations, roused him to take a more decided course of action. Confident

in the rectitude of his purpose, and impelled by a sense of overhanging danger closing in around, he resolved, if his mother would still admit of no approach, to make a desperate appeal to Affery. If she could be brought to become communicative, and to do what lay in her to break the spell of secrecy that enshrouded the house, he might shake off the paralysis of which every hour that passed over his head made him more acutely sensible. This was the result of his day's anxiety, and this was the decision he put in practice when the day closed in.

His first disappointment, on arriving at the house, was to find the door open, and Mr. Flintwinch smoking a pipe on the steps. If circumstances had been commonly favorable, Mistress Affery would have opened the door to his knock. Circumstances being uncommonly unfavorable, the door stood open, and Mr. Flintwinch was smoking his pipe on the steps.

"Good evening," said Arthur.

"Good evening," said Mr. Flintwinch.

The smoke came crookedly out of Mr. Flintwinch's mouth, as if it circulated through the whole of his wry figure and came back by his wry throat, before coming forth to mingle with the smoke from the crooked chimnies and the mists from the crooked river.

"Have you any news?" said Arthur.

"We have no news," said Jeremiah.

"I mean of the foreign man," Arthur explained.

"I mean of the foreign man," said Jeremiah.

He looked so grim, as he stood askew, with the knot of his cravat under his ear, that the thought passed into Clennam's mind, and not for the first time by many, could Flintwinch for a purpose of his own have got rid of Blandois? Could it have been his secret, and his safety, that were at issue? He was small and bent, and perhaps not actively strong; yet he was as tough as an old yew tree, and as crafty as an old jackdaw. Such a man, coming behind a much younger and more vigorous man, and having the will to put an end to him and no relenting, might do it pretty surely in that solitary place at a late hour.

While, in the morbid condition of his thoughts, these thoughts drifted over the main one that was always in Clennam's mind, Mr. Flintwinch, regarding the opposite house over the gateway with his neck twisted and one eye shut up, stood smoking with a vicious expression upon him; more as if he were trying to bite off the stem of his pipe, than as if he were enjoying it. Yet he was enjoying it, in his own way.

"You'll be able to take my likeness, the next time you call, Arthur, I should think," said Mr. Flintwinch, drily, as he stooped to knock the ashes out.

Rather conscious and confused, Arthur asked his pardon, if he had stared at him unpolitely. "But my mind runs so much upon this matter," he said, "that I lose myself."

"Hah! Yet I don't see," returned Mr. Flintwinch, quite at his leisure, "why it should trouble *you*, Arthur."

"No?"

"No," said Mr. Flintwinch, very shortly and decidedly: much as if he were of the canine race, and snapped at Arthur's hand.

"Is it nothing to me to see those placards about? Is it nothing to me to see my mother's name and residence hawked up and down, in such an association?"

"I don't see," returned Mr. Flintwinch, scraping his horny cheek, "that it need signify much to you. But I'll tell you what I do see, Arthur," glancing up at the windows; "I see the light of fire and candle in your mother's room!"

"And what has that to do with it?"

"Why sir, I read by it," said Mr. Flintwinch, screwing himself at him, "that if it's advisable (as the proverb says it is) to let sleeping dogs lie, it's just as advisable, perhaps, to let missing dogs lie. Let 'em be. They generally turn up soon enough."

Mr. Flintwinch turned short round when he had made this remark, and went into the dark hall. Clennam stood there, following him with his eyes, as he dipped for a light in the phosphorus-box in the little room at the side, got one after three or four dips, and lighted the dim lamp against the wall. All the while, Clennam was pursuing the probabilities—rather as if they were being shown to him by an invisible hand than as if he himself were conjuring them up—of Mr. Flintwinch's ways and means of doing that darker deed, and removing its traces by any of the black avenues of shadow that lay around them.

"Now, sir," said the testy Jeremiah; "will it be agreeable to walk up-stairs?"

"My mother is alone, I suppose?"

"Not alone," said Mr. Flintwinch. "Mr. Casby and his daughter are with her. They came in while I was smoking, and I stayed behind to have my smoke out."

This was the second disappointment. Arthur made no remark upon it, and repaired to his mother's room, where Mr. Casby and Flora had been taking tea, anchovy paste, and hot buttered toast. The relics of those delicacies were not yet removed, either from the table, or from the scorched countenance of Affery, who, with the kitchen toasting-fork still in her hand, looked like a sort of allegorical personage; except that she had a considerable advantage over the general run of such personages, in point of significant emblematical purpose.

Flora had spread her bonnet and shawl upon the bed, with a care indicative of an intention to stay some time. Mr. Casby too, was beaming near the hob, with his benevolent knobs shining as if the warm butter of the toast were exuding through the patriarchal skull, and with his face as ruddy as if the coloring matter of the anchovy paste were mantling in the patriarchal visage. Seeing this, as he exchanged the usual salutations, Clennam decided to speak to his mother without postponement.

It had long been customary, as she never changed her room, for those who had anything to say to her apart, to wheel her to her desk; where she sat, usually with the back of her chair turned towards the rest of the room, and the person who talked with her seated in a corner, on a stool which was always set in that place for

that purpose. Except that it was long since the mother and son had spoken together without the intervention of a third person, it was an ordinary matter of course within the experience of visitors for Mrs. Clennam to be asked, with a word of apology for the interruption, if she could be spoken with on a matter of business, and, on her replying in the affirmative, to be wheeled into the position described.

Therefore, when Arthur now made such an apology, and such a request, and moved her to her desk and seated himself on the stool, Mrs. Finching merely began to talk louder and faster, as a delicate hint that she could overhear nothing, and Mr. Casby stroked his long white locks with sleepy calmness.

"Mother, I have heard something to-day which I feel persuaded you don't know, and which I think you should know, of the antecedents of that man I saw here."

"I know nothing of the antecedents of the man you saw here, Arthur."

She spoke aloud. He had lowered his own voice; but, she rejected that advance towards confidence as she rejected every other, and spoke in her usual key and in her usual stern voice.

"I have received it on no circuitous information; it has come to me direct."

She asked him, exactly as before, if he were there to tell her what it was?

"I thought it right that you should know it."

"And what is it?"

"He has been a prisoner in a French jail."

She answered with composure "I should think that very likely."

"But, in a jail for criminals, mother. On an accusation of murder."

She started at the word, and her looks expressed her natural horror. Yet she still spoke aloud, when she demanded:

"Who told you so?"

"A man who was his fellow-prisoner."

"That man's antecedents, I suppose, were not known to you, before he told you?"

"No."

"Though the man himself was?"

"Yes."

"My case, and Flintwinch's, in respect of this other man! I dare say the resemblance is not so exact, though, as that your informant became known to you through a letter from a correspondent, with whom he had deposited money? How does that part of the parallel stand?"

Arthur had no choice but to say that his informant had not become known to him through the agency of any such credentials, or indeed of any credentials at all. Mrs. Clennam's attentive frown expanded by degrees into a severe look of triumph, and she retorted with emphasis, "Take care how you judge others, then. I say to you, Arthur, for your good, take care how you judge!"

Her emphasis had been derived from her eyes quite as much as

from the stress she laid upon her words. She continued to look at him; and if, when he entered the house, he had had any latent hope of prevailing in the least with her, she now looked it out of his heart.

"Mother, shall I do nothing to assist you?"

"Nothing."

"Will you entrust me with no confidence, no charge, no explanation? Will you take no counsel with me? Will you not let me come near you?"

"How can you ask me? You separated yourself from my affairs. It was not my act; it was yours. How can you consistently ask me such a question? You know that you left me to Flintwinch, and that he occupies your place."

Glancing at Jeremiah, Clennam saw in his very gaiters that his attention was closely directed to them, though he stood leaning against the wall scraping his jaw, and pretending to listen to Flora as she held forth in a most distracting manner on a chaos of subjects, in which mackarel, and Mr. F's Aunt in a swing, had become entangled with cockchafers and the wine trade.

"A prisoner, in a French jail, on an accusation of murder," repeated Mrs. Clennam, steadily going over what her son had said. "That is all you know of him from the fellow-prisoner?"

"In substance, all."

"And was the fellow-prisoner his accomplice and a murderer, too? But, of course, he gives a better account of himself than of his friend; it is needless to ask. This will supply the rest of them here with something new to talk about. Casby, Arthur tells me——"

"Stay, mother! Stay, stay!" He interrupted her, hastily, for it had not entered his imagination that she would openly proclaim what he had told her.

"What now?" she said, with displeasure. "What more?"

"I beg you to excuse me, Mr. Casby—and you, too, Mrs. Finching—for one other moment, with my mother——"

He had laid his hand upon her chair, or she would otherwise have wheeled it round with the touch of her foot upon the ground. They were still face to face. She looked at him, as he ran over the possibilities of some result he had not intended, and could not foresee, being influenced by Cavalletto's disclosure becoming a matter of notoriety, and hurriedly arrived at the conclusion that it had best not be talked about; though perhaps he was guided by no more distinct reason than that he had taken it for granted that his mother would reserve it to herself and her partner.

"What now?" she said again, impatiently. "What is it?"

"I did not mean, mother, that you should repeat what I have communicated. I think you had better not repeat it."

"Do you make that a condition with me?"

"Well! Yes."

"Observe, then! It is you who make this a secret," said she, holding up her hand, "and not I. It is you, Arthur, who bring here doubts and suspicions and entreaties for explanations, and it is you, Arthur, who bring secrets here. What is it to me, do you think,

where the man has been, or what he has been? What can it be to me? The whole world may know it, if they care to know it; it is nothing to me. Now, let me go."

He yielded to her imperious but elated look, and turned her chair back to the place from which he had wheeled it. In doing so he saw elation in the face of Mr. Flintwinch, which most assuredly was not inspired by Flora. This turning of his intelligence, and of his whole attempt and design against himself, did even more than his mother's fixedness and firmness to convince him that his efforts with her were idle. Nothing remained but the appeal to his old friend Affery.

But, even to get to the very doubtful and preliminary stage of making the appeal, seemed one of the least promising of human undertakings. She was so completely under the thrall of the two clever ones, was so systematically kept in sight by one or other of them, and was so afraid to go about the house besides, that every opportunity of speaking to her alone appeared to be forestalled. Over and above that, Mistress Affery, by some means (it was not very difficult to guess, through the sharp arguments of her liege lord), had acquired such a lively conviction of the hazard of saying anything under any circumstances, that she had remained all this time in a corner guarding herself from approach with that symbolical instrument of hers; so that, when a word or two had been addressed to her by Flora, or even by the bottle-green patriarch himself, she had warded off conversation with the toasting-fork, like a dumb woman.

After several abortive attempts to get Affery to look at him while she cleared the table and washed the tea-service, Arthur thought of an expedient which Flora might originate. To whom he therefore whispered, "Could you say you would like to go through the house?"

Now, poor Flora, being always in fluctuating expectation of the time when Clennam would renew his boyhood, and be madly in love with her again, received the whisper with the utmost delight; not only as rendered precious by its mysterious character, but as preparing the way for a tender interview in which he would declare the state of his affections. She immediately began to work out the hint.

"Ah dear me the poor old room," said Flora, glancing round, "looks just as ever Mrs. Clennam I am touched to see except for being smokier which was to be expected with time and which we must all expect and reconcile ourselves to being whether we like it or not as I am sure I have had to do myself if not exactly smokier dreadfully stouter which is the same or worse, to think of the days when papa used to bring me here the least of girls a perfect mass of chilblains to be stuck upon a chair with my feet on the rails and stare at Arthur—pray excuse me—Mr. Clennam—the least of boys in the frightfullest of frills and jackets ere yet Mr. F appeared a misty shadow on the horizon paying attentions like the well-known spectre of some place in Germany beginning with a B is a moral lesson inculcating that all the paths in life are similar to the paths down in the North of England where they get the coals and make the iron and things gravelled with ashes!"

Having paid the tribute of a sigh to the instability of human existence, Flora hurried on with her purpose.

"Not that at any time," she proceeded, "its worst enemy could have said it was a cheerful house for that it was never made to be but always highly impressive, fond memory recalls an occasion in youth ere yet the judgment was mature when Arthur—confirmed habit—Mr. Clennam—took me down into an unused kitchen eminent for mouldiness and proposed to secrete me there for life and feed me on what he could hide from his meals when he was not at home for the holidays and on dry bread in disgrace which at that halcyon period too frequently occurred, would it be inconvenient or asking too much to beg to be permitted to revive those scenes and walk through the house?"

Mrs. Clennam, who responded with a constrained grace to Mrs. Finching's good nature in being there at all, though her visit (before Arthur's unexpected arrival) was undoubtedly an act of pure good nature and no self-gratification, intimated that all the house was open to her. Flora rose and looked to Arthur for his escort. "Certainly," said he, aloud; "and Affery will light us, I dare say."

Affery was excusing herself with "Don't ask nothing of me, Arthur!" when Mr. Flintwinch stopped her with "Why not? Affery, what's the matter with you, woman? Why not, jade!" Thus expostulated with, she came unwillingly out of her corner, resigned the toasting-fork into one of her husband's hands, and took the candlestick he offered from the other.

"Go before, you fool!" said Jeremiah. "Are you going up, or down, Mrs. Finching?"

Flora answered, "Down."

"Then go before, and down, you Affery," said Jeremiah. "And do it properly, or I'll come rolling down the bannisters, and tumbling over you!"

Affery headed the exploring party; Jeremiah closed it. He had no intention of leaving them. Clennam looking back, and seeing him following, three stairs behind, in the coolest and most methodical manner, exclaimed in a low voice, "Is there no getting rid of him!" Flora re-assured his mind, by replying promptly, "Why though not exactly proper Arthur and a thing I couldn't think of before a younger man or a stranger still I don't mind him if you so particularly wish it and provided you'll have the goodness not to take me too tight."

Wanting the heart to explain that this was not at all what he meant, Arthur extended his supporting arm round Flora's figure. "Oh my goodness me," said she, "you are very obedient indeed really and it's extremely honorable and gentlemanly in you I am sure but still at the same time if you would like to be a little tighter than that I shouldn't consider it intruding."

In this preposterous attitude, unspeakably at variance with his anxious mind, Clennam descended to the basement of the house; finding that wherever it became darker than elsewhere, Flora became heavier, and that when the house was lightest she was too. Returning from the dismal kitchen-regions, which were as dreary as they could be, Mistress Affery passed with the light into his father's old room,

and then into the old dining-room; always passing on before like a phantom that was not to be overtaken, and neither turning nor answering when he whispered, "Affery! I want to speak to you!"

In the dining-room, a sentimental desire came over Flora to look into the dragon closet which had so often swallowed Arthur in the days of his boyhood—not improbably because, as a very dark closet, it was a likely place to be heavy in. Arthur, fast subsiding into despair, had opened it, when a knock was heard at the outer door.

Mistress Affery, with a suppressed cry, threw her apron over her head.

"What? You want another dose!" said Mr. Flintwinch. "You shall have it, my woman, you shall have a good one! Oh! You shall have a sneezer, you shall have a teaser!"

"In the meantime is anybody going to the door?" said Arthur.

"In the meantime, *I* am going to the door, sir," returned the old man: so savagely, as to render it clear that in a choice of difficulties he felt he must go, though he would have preferred not to go. "Stay here the while, all! Affery, my woman, move an inch, or speak a word in your foolishness, and I'll treble your dose!"

The moment he was gone, Arthur released Mrs. Finchington: with some difficulty, by reason of that lady's misunderstanding his intentions, and making her arrangements with a view to tightening instead of slackening.

"Affery, speak to me now!"

"Don't touch me, Arthur!" she cried, shrinking from him. "Don't come near me. He'll see you. Jeremiah will. Don't!"

"He can't see me," returned Arthur, suiting the action to the word, "if I blow the candle out."

"He'll hear you," cried Affery.

"He can't hear me," returned Arthur, suiting the action to the word again, "if I draw you into this black closet, and speak here. Why do you hide your face?"

"Because I am afraid of seeing something."

"You can't be afraid of seeing anything in this darkness, Affery."

"Yes, I am. Much more than if it was light."

"Why are you afraid?"

"Because the house is full of mysteries and secrets; because it's full of whisperings and counsellings; because it's full of noises. There never was such a house for noises. I shall die of 'em, if Jeremiah don't strangle me first. As I expect he will."

"I have never heard any noises here, worth speaking of."

"Ah! But you would, though, if you lived in the house, and was obliged to go about it as I am," said Affery; "and you'd feel that they was so well worth speaking of, that you'd feel you was nigh bursting, through not being allowed to speak of 'em. Here's Jeremiah! You'll get me killed."

"My good Affery, I solemnly declare to you that I can see the light of the open door on the pavement of the hall, and so could you if you would uncover your face and look."

"I durstn't do it," said Affery, "I durstn't never, Arthur. I'm

always blindfolded when Jeremiah an't a looking, and sometimes even when he is."

"He cannot shut the door without my seeing him," said Arthur. "You are as safe with me as if he was fifty miles away."

("I wish he was!" cried Affery.)

"Affery, I want to know what is amiss here; I want some light thrown on the secrets of this house."

"I tell you, Arthur," she interrupted, "noises is the secrets, rustlings and stealings about, tremblings, treads overhead and treads underneath."

"But those are not all the secrets."

"I don't know," said Affery. "Don't ask me no more. Your old sweetheart an't far off, and she's a blabber."

His old sweetheart, being in fact so near at hand that she was then reclining against him in a flutter, a very substantial angle of forty-five degrees, here interposed to assure Mistress Affery with greater earnestness than directness of asseveration, that whatever she heard should go no further, but should be kept inviolate, "if on no other account on Arthur's—sensible of intruding in being too familiar Doyce and Clennam's."

"I make an imploring appeal to you, Affery, to you, one of the few agreeable early remembrances I have, for my mother's sake, for your husband's sake, for my own, for all our sakes. I am sure you can tell me something connected with the coming here of this man, if you will."

"Why, then I'll tell you, Arthur," returned Affery—"Jeremiah's a coming!"

"No, indeed he is not. The door is open, and he is standing outside, talking."

"I'll tell you then," said Affery, after listening, "that the first time he ever come he heard the noises his own self. 'What's that?' he said to me. 'I don't know what it is,' I says to him, catching hold of him, 'but I have heard it over and over again.' While I says it, he stands a looking at me, all of a shake, he do."

"Has he been here often?"

"Only that night, and the last night."

"What did you see of him on the last night, after I was gone?"

"Them two clever ones had him all alone to themselves. Jeremiah come a dancing at me sideways, after I had let you out (he always comes a dancing at me sideways when he's going to hurt me), and he said to me, 'Now, Affery,' he said, 'I am a coming behind you, my woman, and a going to run you up.' So he took and squeezed the back of my neck in his hand, till it made me open my mouth, and then he pushed me before him to bed, squeezing all the way. That's what he calls running me up, he do. Oh, he's a wicked one!"

"And did you hear or see no more, Affery?"

"Don't I tell you I was sent to-bed, Arthur! Here he is!"

"I assure you he is still at the door. Those whisperings and counsellings, Affery, that you have spoken of. What are they?"

"How should I know! Don't ask me nothing about 'em, Arthur. Get away!"

"But, my dear Affery; unless I can gain some insight into these hidden things, in spite of your husband and in spite of my mother, ruin will come of it."

"Don't ask me nothing," repeated Affery. "I have been in a dream for ever so long. Go away, go away!"

"You said that, before," returned Arthur. "You used the same expression that night, at the door, when I asked you what was going on here. What do you mean by being in a dream?"

"I an't a going to tell you. Get away! I shouldn't tell you, if you said by yourself; much less with your old sweetheart here."

It was equally vain for Arthur to entreat, and for Flora to protest. Affery, who had been trembling and struggling the whole time, turned a deaf ear to all adjuration, and was bent on forcing herself out of the closet.

"I'd sooner scream to Jeremiah than say another word! I'll call out to him, Arthur, if you don't give over speaking to me. Now here's the very last word I'll say afore I call to him.—If ever you begin to get the better of them two clever ones your own self (you ought to it, as I told you when you first come home, for you haven't been a living here long years, to be made afraid of your life as I have), then do you get the better of 'em afore my face; and then do you say to me, Affery tell your dreams! Maybe, then I'll tell 'em!"

The shutting of the door stopped Arthur from replying. They glided into the places where Jeremiah had left them; and Clennam, stepping forward as that old gentleman returned, informed him that he had accidentally extinguished the candle. Mr. Flintwinch looked on as he re-lighted it at the lamp in the hall, and preserved a profound taciturnity respecting the person who had been holding him in conversation. Perhaps his irascibility demanded compensation for some tediousness that the visitor had expended on him; however that was, he took such umbrage at seeing his wife with her apron over her head, that he charged at her, and taking her veiled nose between his thumb and finger, appeared to throw the whole screw-power of his person into the wring he gave it.

Flora, now permanently heavy, did not release Arthur from the survey of the house, until it had extended even to his old garret bedchamber. His thoughts were otherwise occupied than with the tour of inspection: yet he took particular notice at the time, as he afterwards had occasion to remember, of the airlessness and closeness of the house; that they left the track of their footsteps in the dust on the upper floors; and that there was a resistance to the opening of one room door, which occasioned Affery to cry out that somebody was hiding inside, and to continue to believe so, though somebody was sought and not discovered. When they at last returned to his mother's room, they found her, shading her face with her muffled hand, and talking in a low voice to the Patriarch as he stood before the fire. Whose blue eyes, polished head, and silken locks, turning towards them as they came in, imparted an inestimable value and inexhaustible love of his species to his remark:

"So you have been seeing the premises, seeing the premises—premises—seeing the premises!"

It was not in itself a jewel of benevolence or wisdom, yet he made it an exemplar of both that one would have liked to have a copy of.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE EVENING OF A LONG DAY.

THAT illustrious man, and great national ornament, Mr. Merdle, continued his shining course. It began to be widely understood that one who had done society the admirable service of making so much money out of it, could not be suffered to remain a commoner. A baronetcy was spoken of with confidence; a peerage was frequently mentioned. Rumour had it that Mr. Merdle had set his golden face against a baronetcy; that he had plainly intimated to Lord Decimus that a baronetcy was not enough for him; that he had said, "No: a Peerage, or plain Merdle." This was reported to have plunged Lord Decimus as nigh to his noble chin in a slough of doubts as so lofty a personage could be sunk. For, the Barnacles, as a group of themselves in creation, had an idea that such distinctions belonged to them; and that when a soldier, sailor, or lawyer, became ennobled, they let him in, as it were, by an act of condescension, at the family door, and immediately shut it again. Not only (said Rumour) had the troubled Decimus his own hereditary part in this impression, but he also knew of several Barnacle claims already on the file, which came into collision with that of the master spirit. Right or wrong, Rumour was very busy; and Lord Decimus, while he was, or was supposed to be, in stately excogitation of the difficulty, lent her some countenance, by taking, on several public occasions, one of those elephantine trots of his through a jungle of over-grown sentences, waving Mr. Merdle about on his trunk as Gigantic Enterprise, The Wealth of England, Elasticity, Credit, Capital, Prosperity, and all manner of blessings.

So quietly did the mowing of the old scythe go on, that fully three months had passed unnoticed since the two English brothers had been laid in one tomb in the strangers' cemetery at Rome. Mr. and Mrs. Sparkler were established in their own house: a little mansion, rather of the Tite Barnacle class, quite a triumph of inconvenience, with a perpetual smell in it of the day before yesterday's soup and coach-horses, but extremely dear, as being exactly in the centre of the habitable globe. In this enviable abode (and envied it really was by many people), Mrs. Sparkler had intended to proceed at once to the demolition of the Bosom, when active hostilities had been suspended by the arrival of the Courier with his tidings of death. Mrs. Sparkler, who was not unfeeling, had received them with a violent burst of grief, which had lasted twelve hours; after which she had arisen to see about her mourning, and to take every precaution that could ensure its being as becoming

as Mrs. Merdle's. A gloom was then cast over more than one distinguished family (according to the politest sources of intelligence), and the Courier went back again.

Mr. and Mrs. Sparkler had been dining alone, with their gloom cast over them, and Mrs. Sparkler reclined on a drawing-room sofa. It was a hot summer Sunday evening. The residence in the centre of the habitable globe, at all times stuffed and close as if it had an incurable cold in its head, was that evening particularly stifling. The bells of the churches had done their worst in the way of clanging among the unmelodious echoes of the streets, and the lighted windows of the churches had ceased to be yellow in the grey dusk, and had died out opaque black. Mrs. Sparkler, lying on her sofa looking through an open window at the opposite side of a narrow street, over boxes of mignonette and flowers, was tired of the view. Mrs. Sparkler, looking at another window where her husband stood in the balcony, was tired of that view. Mrs. Sparkler, looking at herself in her mourning, was even tired of that view: though, naturally, not so tired of that as of the other two.

"It's like lying in a well," said Mrs. Sparkler, changing her position fretfully. "Dear me, Edmund, if you have anything to say, why don't you say it?"

Mr. Sparkler might have replied with ingenuousness, "My life, I have nothing to say." But, as the repartee did not occur to him, he contented himself with coming in from the balcony and standing at the side of his wife's couch.

"Good gracious, Edmund!" said Mrs. Sparkler, more fretfully still, "you are absolutely putting mignonette up your nose! Pray don't!"

Mr. Sparkler, in absence of mind—perhaps in a more literal absence of mind than is usually understood by the phrase—had smelt so hard at a sprig in his hand as to be on the verge of the offence in question. He smiled, said, "I ask your pardon, my dear," and threw it out of window.

"You make my head ache by remaining in that position, Edmund," said Mrs. Sparkler, raising her eyes to him, after another minute; "you look so aggravatingly large by this light. Do sit down."

"Certainly, my dear," said Mr. Sparkler. And took a chair on the same spot.

"If I didn't know that the longest day was past," said Fanny, yawning in a dreary manner, "I should have felt certain this was the longest day. I never did experience such a day."

"Is this your fan, my love?" asked Mr. Sparkler, picking up one, and presenting it.

"Edmund," returned his wife more wearily yet, "don't ask weak questions, I entreat you not. Whose can it be but mine?"

"Yes, I thought it was yours," said Mr. Sparkler.

"Then you shouldn't ask," retorted Fanny. After a little while, she turned on her sofa and exclaimed, "Dear me, dear me, there never was such a long day as this!" After another little while, she got up slowly, walked about, and came back again.

"My dear," said Mr. Sparkler, flashing with an original conception, "I think you must have got the fidgets."

"Oh! Fidgets!" repeated Mrs. Sparkler. "Don't!"

"My adorable girl," urged Mr. Sparkler, "try your aromatic vinegar. I have often seen my mother try it, and it seemingly refreshed her. And she is, as I believe you are aware, a remarkably fine woman with no non——"

"Good Gracious!" exclaimed Fanny, starting up again, "it's beyond all patience! This is the most wearisome day that ever did dawn upon the world, I am certain!"

Mr. Sparkler looked meekly after her as she lounged about the room, and he appeared to be a little frightened. When she had tossed a few trifles about, and had looked down into the darkening street out of all the three windows, she returned to her sofa, and threw herself among its pillows.

"Now, Edmund, come here! Come a little nearer, because I want to be able to touch you with my fan, that I may impress you very much with what I am going to say. That will do. Quite close enough. Oh, you *do* look so big!"

Mr. Sparkler apologised for the circumstance, pleaded that he couldn't help it, and said that "our fellows," without more particularly indicating whose fellows, used to call him by the name of Quinbus Flestrin, Junior, or the Young Man Mountain.

"You ought to have told me so, before," Fanny complained.

"My dear," returned Mr. Sparkler, rather gratified, "I didn't know it would interest you, or I would have made a point of telling you."

"There! For goodness sake, don't talk," said Fanny; "I want to talk, myself. Edmund, we must not be alone any more. I must take such precautions as will prevent my being ever again reduced to the state of dreadful depression in which I am this evening."

"My dear," answered Mr. Sparkler; "being, as you are well known to be, a remarkably fine woman, with no——"

"Oh, good Gracious!" cried Fanny.

Mr. Sparkler was so discomposed by the energy of this exclamation, accompanied with a flouncing up from the sofa and a flouncing down again, that a minute or two elapsed before he felt himself equal to saying, in explanation:

"I mean, my dear, that everybody knows you are calculated to shine in society."

"Calculated to shine in society," retorted Fanny, with great irritability; "yes, indeed! And then what happens? I no sooner recover, in a visiting point of view, the shock of poor dear papa's death, and my poor uncle's—though I do not disguise from myself that the last was a happy release, for, if you are not presentable, you had much better die——"

"You are not referring to me, my love, I hope?" Mr. Sparkler humbly interrupted.

"Edmund, Edmund, you would wear out a Saint. Am I not expressly speaking of my poor uncle?"

"You looked with so much expression at myself, my dear girl," said Mr. Sparkler, "that I felt a little uncomfortable. Thank you, my love."

"Now you have put me out," observed Fanny, with a resigned toss of her fan, "and I had better go to bed."

"Don't do that, my love," urged Mr. Sparkler. "Take time."

Fanny took a good deal of time: lying back with her eyes shut, and her eyebrows raised with a hopeless expression, as if she had utterly given up all terrestrial affairs. At length, without the slightest notice, she opened her eyes again, and recommenced in a short, sharp manner.

"What happens then, I ask? What happens? Why, I find myself at the very period when I might shine most in society, and should most like for very momentous reasons to shine in society—I find myself in a situation which to a certain extent disqualifies me for going into society. It's too bad, really!"

"My dear," said Mr. Sparkler, "I don't think it need keep you at home."

"Edmund, you ridiculous creature," returned Fanny, with great indignation; "do you suppose that a woman in the bloom of youth, and not wholly devoid of personal attractions, can put herself, at such a time, in competition as to figure with a woman in every other way her inferior? If you do suppose such a thing, your folly is boundless."

Mr. Sparkler submitted that he had thought "it might be got over."

"Got over!" repeated Fanny, with immeasurable scorn.

"For a time," Mr. Sparkler submitted.

Honoring the last feeble suggestion with no notice, Mrs. Sparkler declared with bitterness that it really was too bad, and that positively it was enough to make one wish one was dead!

"However," she said, when she had in some measure recovered from her sense of personal ill-usage; "provoking as it is, and cruel as it seems, I suppose it must be submitted to."

"Especially as it was to be expected," said Mr. Sparkler.

"Edmund," returned his wife, "if you have nothing more becoming to do than to attempt to insult the woman who has honored you with her hand, when she finds herself in adversity, I think *you* had better go to bed!"

Mr. Sparkler was much afflicted by the charge, and offered a most tender and earnest apology. His apology was accepted; but Mrs. Sparkler requested him to go round to the other side of the sofa and sit in the window-curtain, to tone himself down.

"Now, Edmund," she said, stretching out her fan, and touching him with it at arm's length, "what I was going to say to you when you began as usual to prose and worry, is, that I shall guard against our being alone any more, and that when circumstances prevent my going out to my own satisfaction, I must arrange to have some people or other always here; for, I really cannot, and will not, have another such day as this has been."

Mr. Sparkler's sentiments as to the plan were, in brief, that it had no nonsense about it. He added, "And besides, you know it's likely that you'll soon have your sister——"

"Dearest Amy, yes!" cried Mrs. Sparkler, with a sigh of affection. "Darling little thing! Not, however, that Amy would do here alone."

Mr. Sparkler was going to say "No?" interrogatively. But, he saw his danger and said it assentingly. "No. Oh dear no; she wouldn't do here alone."

"No, Edmund. For, not only are the virtues of the precious child of that still character that they require a contrast—require life and movement around them, to bring them out in their right colors and make one love them of all things; but, she will require to be roused, on more accounts than one."

"That's it," said Mr. Sparkler. "Roused."

"Pray don't, Edmund! Your habit of interrupting without having the least thing in the world to say, distracts one. You must be broken of it. Speaking of Amy;—my poor little pet was devotedly attached to poor papa, and no doubt will have lamented his loss exceedingly, and grieved very much. I have done so myself. I have felt it dreadfully. But Amy will no doubt have felt it even more, from having been on the spot the whole time, and having been with poor dear papa at the last: which I unhappily was not."

Here Fanny stopped to weep, and to say, Dear, dear, beloved papa! How truly gentlemanly he was! What a contrast to poor uncle!

"From the effects of that trying time," she pursued, "my good little Mouse will have to be roused. Also, from the effects of this long attendance upon Edward in his illness: an attendance which is not yet over, which may even go on for some time longer, and which in the meanwhile unsettles us all, by keeping poor dear papa's affairs from being wound up. Fortunately, however, the papers with his agents here being all sealed up and locked up, as he left them when he providentially came to England, the affairs are in that state of order that they can wait until my brother Edward recovers his health in Sicily, sufficiently to come over, and administer, or execute, or whatever it may be that will have to be done."

"He couldn't have a better nurse to bring him round," Mr. Sparkler made bold to opine.

"For a wonder, I can agree with you," returned his wife, languidly turning her eyelids a little in his direction (she held forth, in general, as if to the drawing-room furniture), "and can adopt your words. He couldn't have a better nurse to bring him round. There are times when my dear child is a little wearing, to an active mind; but, as a nurse, she is Perfection. Best of Amys!"

Mr. Sparkler, growing rash on his late success, observed that Edward had had, biggodd, a long bout of it, my dear girl.

"If Bout, Edmund," returned Mrs. Sparkler, "is the slang term for indisposition, he has. If it is not, I am unable to give an opinion on the barbarous language you address to Edward's sister. That he contracted Malaria Fever somewhere—either by travelling day and night to Rome, where, after all, he arrived too late to see poor dear papa before his death—or under some other unwholesome circumstances—is indubitable, if that is what you mean. Likewise, that his extremely careless life has made him a very bad subject for it indeed."

Mr. Sparkler considered it a parallel case to that of some of our fellows in the West Indies with Yellow Jack. Mrs. Sparkler closed

her eyes again, and refused to have any consciousness of our fellows, of the West Indies, or of Yellow Jack.

"So, Amy," she pursued when she re-opened her eyelids, "will require to be roused from the effects of many tedious and anxious weeks. And lastly, she will require to be roused from a low tendency which I know very well to be at the bottom of her heart. Don't ask me what it is, Edmund, because I must decline to tell you."

"I am not going to, my dear," said Mr. Sparkler.

"I shall thus have much improvement to effect in my sweet child," Mrs. Sparkler continued, "and cannot have her near me too soon. Amiable and dear little Twoshoes! As to the settlement of poor papa's affairs, my interest in that is not very selfish. Papa behaved very generously to me when I was married, and I have little or nothing to expect. Provided he has made no will that can come into force, leaving a legacy to Mrs. General, I am contented. Dear papa, dear papa!"

She wept again, but Mrs. General was the best of restoratives. The name soon stimulated her to dry her eyes and say:

"It is a highly encouraging circumstance in Edward's illness, I am thankful to think, and gives one the greatest confidence in his sense not being impaired, or his proper spirit weakened—down to the time of poor dear papa's death at all events—that he paid off Mrs. General instantly, and sent her out of the house. I applaud him for it. I could forgive him a great deal, for doing, with such promptitude, so exactly what I would have done myself!"

Mrs. Sparkler was in the full glow of her gratification, when a double knock was heard at the door. A very odd knock. Low, as if to avoid making a noise and attracting attention. Long, as if the person knocking were pre-occupied in mind, and forgot to leave off.

"Halloa!" said Mr. Sparkler. "Who's this!"

"Not Amy and Edward, without notice and without a carriage!" said Mrs. Sparkler. "Look out."

The room was dark, but the street was lighter, because of its lamps. Mr. Sparkler's head peeping over the balcony looked so very bulky and heavy, that it seemed on the point of overbalancing him and flattening the unknown below.

"It's one fellow," said Mr. Sparkler. "I can't see who—stop though!"

On this second thought, he went out into the balcony again and had another look. He came back as the door was opened, and announced that he believed he had identified "his governor's tile." He was not mistaken, for his governor, with his tile in his hand, was introduced immediately afterwards.

"Candles!" said Mrs. Sparkler, with a word of excuse for the darkness.

"It's light enough for me," said Mr. Merdle.

When the candles were brought in, Mr. Merdle was discovered standing behind the door, picking his lips. "I thought I'd give you a call," he said. "I am rather particularly occupied just now; and, as I happened to be out for a stroll, I thought I'd give you a call."

As he was in dinner dress, Fanny asked him where he had been dining?

"Well," said Mr. Merdle, "I haven't been dining anywhere, particularly."

"Of course you have dined?" said Fanny.

"Why—no I haven't exactly dined," said Mr. Merdle.

He had passed his hand over his yellow forehead, and considered, as if he were not sure about it. Something to eat, was proposed. "No, thank you," said Mr. Merdle, "I don't feel inclined for it. I was to have dined out along with Mrs. Merdle. But as I didn't feel inclined for dinner, I let Mrs. Merdle go by herself just as we were getting into the carriage, and thought I'd take a stroll instead."

Would he have tea, or coffee? "No, thank you," said Mr. Merdle. "I looked in at the Club, and got a bottle of wine."

At this period of his visit, Mr. Merdle took the chair which Edmund Sparkler had offered him, and which he had hitherto been pushing slowly about before him, like a dull man with a pair of skates on for the first time, who could not make up his mind to start. He now put his hat upon another chair beside him, and, looking down into it as if it were some twenty feet deep, said again: "You see I thought I'd give you a call."

"Flattering to us," said Fanny, "for you are not a calling man."

"N—no," returned Mr. Merdle, who was by this time taking himself into custody under both coat-sleeves. "No, I am not a calling man."

"You have too much to do, for that," said Fanny. "Having so much to do, Mr. Merdle, loss of appetite is a serious thing with you, and you must have it seen to. You must not be ill."

"Oh! I am very well," replied Mr. Merdle, after deliberating about it. "I am as well as I usually am. I am well enough. I am as well as I want to be."

The master-mind of the age, true to its characteristic of being at all times a mind that had as little as possible to say for itself and great difficulty in saying it, became mute again. Mrs. Sparkler began to wonder how long the master-mind meant to stay.

"I was speaking of poor papa when you came in, sir."

"Aye? Quite a coincidence," said Mr. Merdle.

Fanny did not see that; but, felt it incumbent on her to continue talking. "I was saying," she pursued, "that my brother's illness has occasioned a delay in examining and arranging papa's property."

"Yes," said Mr. Merdle; "yes. There has been a delay."

"Not that it is of consequence," said Fanny.

"Not," assented Mr. Merdle, after having examined the cornice of all that part of the room which was within his range: "not that it is of any consequence."

"My only anxiety is," said Fanny, "that Mrs. General should not get anything."

"She won't get anything," said Mr. Merdle.

Fanny was delighted to hear him express the opinion. Mr. Merdle, after taking another gaze into the depths of his hat, as if he thought he saw something at the bottom, rubbed his hair and slowly appended to his last remark the confirmatory words, "Oh dear no. No. Not she. Not likely."

As the topic seemed exhausted, and Mr. Merdle too, Fanny enquired if he were going to take up Mrs. Merdle and the carriage, in his way home?

"No," he answered; "I shall go by the shortest way, and leave Mrs. Merdle to—" here he looked all over the palms of both his hands as if he were telling his own fortune—"to take care of herself. I dare say she'll manage to do it."

"Probably," said Fanny.

There was then a long silence; during which, Mrs. Sparkler, lying back on her sofa again, shut her eyes and raised her eyebrows in her former retirement from mundane affairs.

"But, however," said Mr. Merdle, "I am equally detaining you and myself. I thought I'd give you a call you know."

"Charmed, I am sure," said Fanny.

"So I am off," added Mr. Merdle, getting up. "Could you lend me a penknife?"

It was an odd thing, Fanny smilingly observed, for her who could seldom prevail upon herself even to write a letter, to lend to a man of such vast business as Mr. Merdle. "Isn't it?" Mr. Merdle acquiesced; "but I want one; and I know you have got several little wedding keepsakes about, with scissors and tweezers and such things in them. You shall have it back to-morrow."

"Edmund," said Mrs. Sparkler, "open (now, very carefully I beg and beseech, for you are so very awkward) the mother of pearl box on my little table there, and give Mr. Merdle the mother of pearl penknife."

"Thank you," said Mr. Merdle; "but if you have got one with a darker handle, I think I should prefer one with a darker handle."

"Tortoise-shell?"

"Thank you," said Mr. Merdle; "yes. I think I should prefer tortoise-shell."

Edmund accordingly received instructions to open the tortoise-shell box, and give Mr. Merdle the tortoise-shell knife. On his doing so, his wife said to the master-spirit graciously:

"I will forgive you, if you ink it."

"I'll undertake not to ink it," said Mr. Merdle.

The illustrious visitor then put out his coat-cuff, and for a moment entombed Mrs. Sparkler's hand: wrist, bracelet, and all. Where his own hand shrunk to, was not made manifest, but it was as remote from Mrs. Sparkler's sense of touch as if he had been a highly meritorious Chelsea Veteran or Greenwich Pensioner.

Thoroughly convinced, as he went out of the room, that it was the longest day that ever did come to an end at last, and that there never was a woman, not wholly devoid of personal attractions, so worn out by idiotic and lumpish people, Fanny passed into the balcony for a breath of air. Waters of vexation filled her eyes; and they had the effect of making the famous Mr. Merdle, in going down the street, appear to leap, and waltz, and gyrate, as if he were possessed by several Devils.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE CHIEF BUTLER RESIGNS THE SEALS OF OFFICE.

THE dinner-party was at the great Physician's. Bar was there, and in full force. Ferdinand Barnacle was there, and in his most engaging state. Few ways of life were hidden from Physician, and he was oftener in its darkest places than even Bishop. There were brilliant ladies about London who perfectly doted on him, my dear, as the most charming creature and the most delightful person, who would have been shocked to find themselves so close to him if they could have known on what sights those thoughtful eyes of his had rested within an hour or two, and near to whose beds, and under what roofs, his composed figure had stood. But, Physician was a composed man, who performed neither on his own trumpet, nor on the trumpets of other people. Many wonderful things did he see and hear, and much irreconcilable moral contradiction did he pass his life among; yet his equality of compassion was no more disturbed than the Divine Master's of all healing was. He went, like the rain, among the just and unjust, doing all the good he could, and neither proclaiming it in the synagogues nor at the corners of streets.

As no man of large experience of humanity, however quietly carried it may be, can fail to be invested with an interest peculiar to the possession of such knowledge, Physician was an attractive man. Even the daintier gentlemen and ladies who had no idea of his secret, and who would have been startled out of more wits than they had, by the monstrous impropriety of his proposing to them "Come and see what I see!" confessed his attraction. Where he was, something real was. And half a grain of reality, like the smallest portion of some other scarce natural productions, will flavor an enormous quantity of diluent.

It came to pass, therefore, that Physician's little dinners always presented people in their least conventional lights. The guests said to themselves, whether they were conscious of it or no, "Here is a man who really has an acquaintance with us as we are, who is admitted to some of us every day with our wigs and paint off, who hears the wanderings of our minds, and sees the undisguised expression of our faces, when both are past our control; we may as well make an approach to reality with him, for the man has got the better of us and is too strong for us." Therefore Physician's guests came out so surprisingly at his round table that they were almost natural.

Bar's knowledge of that agglomeration of Jurymen which is called humanity was as sharp as a razor, yet a razor is not a generally convenient instrument, and Physician's plain bright scalpel, though far less keen, was adaptable to far wider purposes. Bar knew all about the gullibility and knavery of people; but, Physician could have

given him a better insight into their tendernesses and affections, in one week of his rounds, than Westminster Hall and all the circuits put together, in threescore years and ten. Bar always had a suspicion of this, and perhaps was glad to encourage it (for, if the world were really a great Law Court one would think that the last day of Term could not too soon arrive); and so he liked and respected Physician quite as much as any other kind of man did.

Mr. Merdle's default left a Banquo's chair at the table; but, if he had been there, he would have merely made the difference of Banquo in it, and consequently he was no loss. Bar, who picked up all sorts of odds and ends about Westminster Hall, much as a raven would have done if he had passed as much of his time there, had been picking up a good many straws lately and tossing them about to try which way the Merdle wind blew. He now had a little talk on the subject with Mrs. Merdle herself; sliding up to that lady, of course, with his double eye-glass and his Jury droop.

"A certain bird," said Bar; and he looked as if it could have been no other bird than a magpie; "has been whispering among us lawyers lately, that there is to be an addition to the titled personages of this realm."

"Really?" said Mrs. Merdle.

"Yes," said Bar. "Has not the bird been whispering in very different ears from ours—in lovely ears?" He looked expressively at Mrs. Merdle's nearest ear-ring.

"Do you mean mine?" asked Mrs. Merdle.

"When I say, lovely," said Bar, "I always mean you."

"You never mean anything, I think," returned Mrs. Merdle (not displeased.)

"Oh, cruelly unjust!" said Bar. "But, the bird."

"I am the last person in the world to hear news," observed Mrs. Merdle, carelessly arranging her stronghold. "Who is it?"

"What an admirable witness you would make!" said Bar. "No jury (unless we could impanel one of blind men) could resist you, if you were ever so bad a one; but, you would be such a good one!"

"Why, you ridiculous man?" asked Mrs. Merdle, laughing.

Bar waved his double eye-glass three or four times between himself and the Bosom, as a rallying answer, and enquired in his most insinuating accents:

"What am I to call the most elegant, accomplished, and charming of women, a few weeks, or it may be a few days, hence?"

"Didn't your bird tell you what to call her?" answered Mrs. Merdle. "Do ask it to-morrow, and tell me the next time you see me, what it says!"

This lead to further passages of similar pleasantry between the two; but, Bar, with all his sharpness, got nothing out of them. Physician, on the other hand, taking Mrs. Merdle down to her carriage and attending on her as she put on her cloak, enquired into the symptoms with his usual calm directness.

"May I ask," he said, "is this true about Merdle?"

"My dear doctor," she returned, "you ask me the very question that I was half disposed to ask you."

"To ask me! Why me?"

"Upon my honor, I think Mr. Merdle reposes greater confidence in you than in any one."

"On the contrary, he tells me absolutely nothing, even professionally. You have heard the talk, of course?"

"Of course I have. But, you know what Mr. Merdle is; you know how taciturn and reserved he is. I assure you I have no idea what foundation for it there may be. I should like it to be true; why should I deny that to you! You would know better, if I did!"

"Just so," said Physician.

"But whether it is all true, or partly true, or entirely false, I am wholly unable to say. It is a most provoking situation, a most absurd situation; but, you know Mr. Merdle, and are not surprised."

Physician was not surprised, handed her into her carriage, and bade her Good Night. He stood for a moment at his own hall-door, looking sedately at the elegant equipage as it rattled away. On his return up-stairs, the rest of the guests soon dispersed, and he was left alone. Being a great reader of all kinds of literature (and never at all apologetic for that weakness), he sat down comfortably to read.

The clock upon his study table pointed to a few minutes short of twelve, when his attention was called to it by a ringing at the door bell. A man of plain habits, he had sent his servants to bed and must needs go down to open the door. He went down, and there found a man without hat or coat, whose shirt sleeves were rolled up tight to his shoulders. For a moment, he thought the man had been fighting: the rather, as he was much agitated and out of breath. A second look, however, showed him that the man was particularly clean, and not otherwise discomposed as to his dress than as it answered this description.

"I come from the warm-baths, sir, round in the neighbouring street."

"And what is the matter at the warm-baths?"

"Would you please to come directly, sir. We found that, lying on the table."

He put into the physician's hand a scrap of paper. Physician looked at it, and read his own name and address written in pencil; nothing more. He looked closer at the writing, looked at the man, took his hat from its peg, put the key of his door in his pocket, and they hurried away together.

When they came to the warm-baths, all the other people belonging to that establishment were looking out for them at the door, and running up and down the passages. "Request everybody else to keep back, if you please," said the physician aloud to the master; "and do you take me straight to the place, my friend," to the messenger.

The messenger hurried before him, along a grove of little rooms, and turning into one at the end of the grove, looked round the door. Physician was close upon him, and looked round the door too.

There was a bath in that corner, from which the water had been hastily drained off. Lying in it, as in a grave or sarcophagus, with a hurried drapery of sheet and blanket thrown across it, was the body of

a heavily-made man, with an obtuse head, and coarse, mean, common features. A skylight had been opened, to release the steam with which the room had been filled; but, it hung, condensed into water-drops, heavily upon the walls, and heavily upon the face and figure in the bath. The room was still hot, and the marble of the bath still warm; but, the face and figure were clammy to the touch. The white marble at the bottom of the bath was veined with a dreadful red. On the ledge at the side were an empty laudanum-bottle and a tortoise-shell handled penknife—soiled, but not with ink.

“Separation of jugular vein—death rapid—been dead at least half an hour.” This echo of the physician’s words ran through the passages and little rooms, and through the house, while he was yet straightening himself from having bent down to reach to the bottom of the bath, and while he was yet dabbling his hands in water; redly veining it as the marble was veined, before it mingled into one tint.

He turned his eyes to the dress upon the sofa, and to the watch, money, and pocket-book on the table. A folded note half buckled up in the pocket-book, and half protruding from it, caught his observant glance. He looked at it, touched it, pulled it a little further out from among the leaves, said quietly, “This is addressed to me,” and opened and read it.

There were no directions for him to give. The people of the house knew what to do; the proper authorities were soon brought; and they took an equable business-like possession of the deceased and of what had been his property, with no greater disturbance of manner or countenance than usually attends the winding-up of a clock. Physician was glad to walk out into the night air—was even glad, in spite of his great experience, to sit down upon a door-step for a little while: feeling sick and faint.

Bar was a near neighbour of his, and, when he came to the house, he saw a light in the room where he knew his friend often sat late, getting up his work. As the light was never there when Bar was not, it gave him assurance that Bar was not yet in bed. In fact, this busy bee had a verdict to get to-morrow, against evidence, and was improving the shining hours in setting snares for the gentlemen of the jury.

Physician’s knock astonished Bar; but, as he immediately suspected that somebody had come to tell him that somebody else was robbing him, or otherwise trying to get the better of him, he came down promptly and softly. He had been clearing his head with a lotion of cold water, as a good preparative to providing hot water for the heads of the jury, and had been reading with the neck of his shirt thrown wide open, that he might the more freely choak the opposite witnesses. In consequence, he came down looking rather wild. Seeing Physician, the least expected of men, he looked wilder and said, “What’s the matter?”

“You asked me once what Merdle’s complaint was.”

“Extraordinary answer! I know I did.”

“I told you I had not found it out.”

“Yes. I know you did.”

“I have found it out.”

"My God!" said Bar, starting back, and clapping his hand upon the other's breast. "And so have I! I see it in your face."

They went into the nearest room, where Physician gave him the letter to read. He read it through, half a dozen times. There was not much in it as to quantity; but, it made a great demand on his close and continuous attention. He could not sufficiently give utterance to his regret that he had not himself found a clue to this. The smallest clue, he said, would have made him master of the case, and what a case it would have been to have got to the bottom of!

Physician had engaged to break the intelligence in Harley Street. Bar could not at once return to his inveiglements of the most enlightened and remarkable jury he had ever seen in that box, with whom, he could tell his learned friend, no shallow sophistry would go down, and no unhappily abused professional tact and skill prevail (this was the way he meant to begin with them); so he said he would go too, and would loiter to and fro near the house while his friend was inside. They walked there, the better to recover self-possession in the air; and the wings of day were fluttering the night when Physician knocked at the door.

A footman of rainbow hues, in the public eye, was sitting up for his master—that is to say, was fast asleep in the kitchen, over a couple of candles and a newspaper, demonstrating the great accumulation of mathematical odds against the probabilities of a house being set on fire by accident. When this serving-man was roused, Physician had still to await the rousing of the Chief Butler. At last that noble creature came into the dining-room in a flannel gown and list shoes; but with his cravat on, and a Chief Butler all over. It was morning now. Physician had opened the shutters of one window while waiting, that he might see the light.

"Mrs. Merdle's maid must be called, and told to get Mrs. Merdle up, and prepare her as gently as she can, to see me. I have dreadful news to break to her."

Thus Physician to the Chief Butler. The latter, who had a candle in his hand, called his man to take it away. Then he approached the window with dignity; looking on at Physician's news exactly as he had looked on at the dinners in that very room.

"Mr. Merdle is dead."

"I should wish," said the Chief Butler, "to give a month's notice."

"Mr. Merdle has destroyed himself."

"Sir," said the Chief Butler, "that is very unpleasant to the feelings of one in my position, as calculated to awaken prejudice; and I should wish to leave immediate."

"If you are not shocked, are you not surprised, man?" demanded the Physician, warmly.

The Chief Butler, erect and calm, replied in these memorable words. "Sir, Mr. Merdle never was the gentleman, and no ungentlemanly act on Mr. Merdle's part would surprise me. Is there anybody else I can send to you, or any other directions I can give before I leave, respecting what you would wish to be done?"

When Physician, after discharging himself of his trust up-stairs,

rejoined Bar in the street, he said no more of his interview with Mrs. Merdle than that he had not yet told her all, but that what he had told her, she had borne pretty well. Bar had devoted his leisure in the street to the construction of a most ingenious man-trap for catching the whole of his Jury at a blow; having got that matter settled in his mind, it was lucid on the late catastrophe, and they walked home slowly, discussing it in every bearing. Before parting, at Physician's door, they both looked up at the sunny morning sky, into which the smoke of a few early fires and the breath and voices of a few early stirrers were peacefully rising, and then looked round upon the immense city, and said, If all those hundreds and thousands of beggared people who were yet asleep, could only know, as they two spoke, the ruin that impended over them, what a fearful cry against one miserable soul would go up to Heaven!

The report that the great man was dead, got about with astonishing rapidity. At first, he was dead of all the diseases that ever were known, and of several bran-new maladies invented with the speed of Light to meet the demand of the occasion. He had concealed a dropsy from infancy, he had inherited a large estate of water on the chest from his grandfather, he had had an operation performed upon him every morning of his life for eighteen years, he had been subject to the explosion of important veins in his body after the manner of fireworks, he had had something the matter with his lungs, he had had something the matter with his heart, he had had something the matter with his brain. Five hundred people who sat down to breakfast entirely uninformed on the whole subject, believed before they had done breakfast, that they privately and personally knew Physician to have said to Mr. Merdle, "You must expect to go out, some day, like the snuff of a candle," and that they knew Mr. Merdle to have said to Physician, "A man can die but once." By about eleven o'clock in the forenoon, something the matter with the brain, became the favorite theory against the field; and by twelve the something had been distinctly ascertained to be "Pressure."

Pressure was so entirely satisfactory to the public mind, and seemed to make everybody so comfortable, that it might have lasted all day but for Bar's having taken the real state of the case into Court at half-past nine. This led to its beginning to be currently whispered all over London by about one, that Mr. Merdle had killed himself. Pressure, however, so far from being overthrown by the discovery, became a greater favorite than ever. There was a general moralising upon Pressure, in every street. All the people who had tried to make money and had not been able to do it, said, There you were! You no sooner began to devote yourself to the pursuit of wealth, than you got Pressure. The idle people improved the occasion in a similar manner. See, said they, what you brought yourself to by work, work, work! You persisted in working, you overdid it, Pressure came on, and you were done for! This consideration was very potent in many quarters, but nowhere more so than among the young clerks and partners who had never been in the slightest danger of overdoing it. These one and all declared, quite piously, that they hoped they would never forget the warning as long as they lived, and that their conduct might

be so regulated as to keep off Pressure, and preserve them, a comfort to their friends, for many years.

But, at about the time of High 'Change, Pressure began to wane, and appalling whispers to circulate, east, west, north, and south. At first they were faint, and went no further than a doubt whether Mr. Merdle's wealth would be found to be as vast as had been supposed; whether there might not be a temporary difficulty in "realising" it; whether there might not even be a temporary suspension (say a month or so), on the part of the wonderful Bank. As the whispers became louder, which they did from that time every minute, they became more threatening. He had sprung from nothing, by no natural growth or process that any one could account for; he had been, after all, a low, ignorant fellow; he had been a down-looking man, and no one had ever been able to catch his eye; he had been taken up by all sorts of people, in quite an unaccountable manner; he had never had any money of his own, his ventures had been utterly reckless, and his expenditure had been most enormous. In steady progression, as the day declined, the talk rose in sound and purpose. He had left a letter at the Baths addressed to his physician, and his physician had got the letter, and the letter would be produced at the Inquest on the morrow, and it would fall like a thunderbolt upon the multitude he had deluded. Numbers of men in every profession and trade would be blighted by his insolvency; old people who had been in easy circumstances all their lives would have no place of repentance for their trust in him but the workhouse; legions of women and children would have their whole future desolated by the hand of this mighty scoundrel. Every partaker of his magnificent feasts would be seen to have been a sharer in the plunder of innumerable homes; every servile worshipper of riches who had helped to set him on his pedestal, would have done better to worship the Devil point-blank. So, the talk, lashed louder and higher by confirmation on confirmation, and by edition after edition of the evening papers, swelled into such a roar when night came, as might have brought one to believe that a solitary watcher on the gallery above the Dome of Saint Paul's would have perceived the night air to be laden with a heavy muttering of the name of Merdle, coupled with every form of execration.

For, by that time it was known that the late Mr. Merdle's complaint had been, simply, Forgery and Robbery. He, the uncouth object of such wide-spread adulation, the sitter at great men's feasts, the roc's egg of great ladies' assemblies, the subduer of exclusiveness, the leveller of pride, the patron of patrons, the bargain-driver with a Minister for Lordships of the Circumlocution Office, the recipient of more acknowledgment within some ten or fifteen years, at most, than had been bestowed in England upon all peaceful public benefactors, and upon all the leaders of all the Arts and Sciences, with all their works to testify for them, during two centuries at least—he, the shining wonder, the new constellation to be followed by the wise men bringing gifts, until it stopped over certain carrion at the bottom of a bath and disappeared—was simply the greatest Forger and the greatest Thief that ever cheated the gallows.

CHAPTER XXVI.

REAPING THE WHIRLWIND.

WITH a precursory sound of hurried breath and hurried feet, Mr. Pancks rushed into Arthur Clennam's Counting-house. The Inquest was over, the letter was public, the Bank was broken, the other model structures of straw had taken fire and were turned to smoke. The admired piratical ship had blown up, in the midst of a vast fleet of ships of all rates, and boats of all sizes; and on the deep was nothing but ruin: nothing but burning hulls, bursting magazines, great guns self-exploded tearing friends and neighbours to pieces, drowning men clinging to unseaworthyspars and going down every minute, spent swimmers, floating dead, and sharks.

The usual diligence and order of the Counting-house at the Works were overthrown. Unopened letters and unsorted papers lay strewn about the desk. In the midst of these tokens of prostrated energy and dismissed hope, the master of the Counting-house stood idle in his usual place, with his arms crossed on the desk, and his head bowed down upon them.

Mr. Pancks rushed in and saw him, and stood still. In another minute, Mr. Pancks's arms were on the desk, and Mr. Pancks's head was bowed down upon them; and for some time they remained in these attitudes, idle and silent, with the width of the little room between them.

Mr. Pancks was the first to lift up his head and speak.

"I persuaded you to it, Mr. Clennam. I know it. Say what you will. You can't say more to me than I say to myself. You can't say more than I deserve."

"O, Pancks, Pancks!" returned Clennam, "don't speak of deserving. What do I, myself, deserve!"

"Better luck," said Pancks.

"I," pursued Clennam, without attending to him, "who have ruined my partner! Pancks, Pancks, I have ruined Doyce! The honest, self-helpful, indefatigable old man, who has worked his way all through his life; the man who has contended against so much disappointment, and who has brought out of it such a good and hopeful nature; the man I have felt so much for, and meant to be so true and useful to; I have ruined him—brought him to shame and disgrace—ruined him, ruined him!"

The agony into which the reflection wrought his mind was so distressing to see, that Mr. Pancks took hold of himself by the hair of his head, and tore it in desperation at the spectacle.

"Reproach me!" cried Pancks. "Reproach me, sir, or I'll do myself an injury. Say, You fool, you villain. Say, Ass, how could you do it, Beast, what did you mean by it! Catch hold of me somewhere. Say something abusive to me!" All the time, Mr. Pancks was tearing at his tough hair in a most pitiless and cruel manner.

"If you had never yielded to this fatal mania, Pancks," said Clennam, more in commiseration than retaliation, "it would have been how much better for you, and how much better for me!"

"At me again, sir!" cried Pancks, grinding his teeth in remorse. "At me again!"

"If you had never gone into those accursed calculations, and brought out your results with such abominable clearness," groaned Clennam, "it would have been how much better for you, Pancks, and how much better for me!"

"At me again, sir!" exclaimed Pancks, loosening his hold of his hair; "at me again, and again!"

Clennam, however, finding him already beginning to be pacified, had said all he wanted to say, and more. He wrung his hand, only adding, "Blind leaders of the blind, Pancks! Blind leaders of the blind! But Doyce, Doyce, Doyce; my injured partner!" That brought his head down on the desk once more.

Their former attitudes and their former silence were once more first encroached upon by Pancks.

"Not been to bed, sir, since it began to get about. Been high and low, on the chance of finding some hope of saving any cinders from the fire. All in vain. All gone. All vanished."

"I know it," returned Clennam, "too well."

Mr. Pancks filled up a pause with a groan that came out of the very depths of his soul.

"Only yesterday, Pancks," said Arthur; "only yesterday, Monday, I had the fixed intention of selling, realising, and making an end of it."

"I can't say as much for myself, sir," returned Pancks. "Though it's wonderful how many people I've heard of, who *were* going to realise yesterday, of all days in the three hundred and sixty-five, if it hadn't been too late!"

His steam-like breathings, usually droll in their effect, were more tragic than so many groans; while, from head to foot, he was in that begrimed, besmeared, neglected state, that he might have been an authentic portrait of Misfortune which could scarcely be discerned through its want of cleaning.

"Mr. Clennam, had you laid out—everything?" He got over the break before the last word, and also brought out the last word itself with great difficulty.

"Everything."

Mr. Pancks took hold of his tough hair again, and gave it such a wrench that he pulled out several prongs of it. After looking at these with an eye of wild hatred, he put them in his pocket.

"My course," said Clennam, brushing away some tears that had been silently dropping down his face, "must be taken at once. What wretched amends I can make must be made. I must clear my unfortunate partner's reputation. I must retain nothing for myself. I must resign to our creditors the power of management I have so much abused, and I must work out as much of my fault—or crime—as is susceptible of being worked out, in the rest of my days."

"Is it impossible, sir, to tide over the present?"

"Out of the question. Nothing can be tided over now, Pancks. The

sooner the business can pass out of my hands, the better for it. There are engagements to be met, this week, which would bring the catastrophe before many days were over, even if I would postpone it for a single day, by going on for that space, secretly knowing what I know. All last night I thought of what I would do; what remains is to do it."

"Not entirely of yourself?" said Pancks, whose face was as damp as if his steam were turning into water as fast as he dismally blew it off. "Have some legal help."

"Perhaps I had better."

"Have Rugg."

"There is not much to do. He will do it as well as another."

"Shall I fetch Rugg, Mr. Clennam?"

"If you could spare the time. I should be much obliged to you."

Mr. Pancks put on his hat that moment, and steamed away to Pentonville. While he was gone, Arthur never raised his head from the desk, but remained in that one position.

Mr. Pancks brought his friend and professional adviser Mr. Rugg back with him. Mr. Rugg had had such ample experience, on the road, of Mr. Pancks's being at that present in an irrational state of mind, that he opened his professional mediation by requesting that gentleman to take himself out of the way. Mr. Pancks, crushed and submissive, obeyed.

"He is not unlike what my daughter was, sir, when we began the Breach of Promise action of Rugg and Bawkins, in which she was Plaintiff," said Mr. Rugg. "He takes too strong and direct an interest in the case. His feelings are worked upon. There is no getting on, in our profession, with feelings worked upon, sir."

As he pulled off his gloves and put them in his hat, he saw, in a side glance or two, that a great change had come over his client.

"I am sorry to perceive, sir," said Mr. Rugg, "that you have been allowing your own feelings to be worked upon. Now, pray don't, pray don't. These losses are much to be deplored, sir, but we must look 'em in the face."

"If the money I have sacrificed had been all my own, Mr. Rugg," sighed Clennam, "I should have cared far less."

"Indeed, sir?" said Mr. Rugg, rubbing his hands with a cheerful air. "You surprise me. That's singular, sir. I have generally found, in my experience, that it's their own money people are most particular about. I have seen people get rid of a good deal of other people's money, and bear it very well: very well indeed."

With these comforting remarks, Mr. Rugg seated himself on an office-stool at the desk, and proceeded to business.

"Now, Mr. Clennam, by your leave, let us go into the matter. Let us see the state of the case. The question is simple. The question is the usual plain, straightforward, common-sense question. What can we do for ourself? What can we do for ourself?"

"That is not the question with me, Mr. Rugg," said Arthur. "You mistake it in the beginning. It is, what can I do for my partner, how can I best make reparation to him?"

"I am afraid, sir, do you know," argued Mr. Rugg persuasively, "that you are still allowing your feelings to be worked upon? I

don't like the term 'reparation,' sir, except as a lever in the hands of counsel. Will you excuse my saying that I feel it my duty to offer you the caution, that you really must not allow your feelings to be worked upon?"

"Mr. Rugg," said Clennam, nerving himself to go through with what he had resolved upon, and surprising that gentleman by appearing, in his despondency, to have a settled determination of purpose; "you give me the impression that you will not be much disposed to adopt the course I have made up my mind to take. If your disapproval of it should render you unwilling to discharge such business as it necessitates, I am sorry for it, and must seek other aid. But, I will represent to you at once, that to argue against it with me is useless."

"Good, sir," answered Mr. Rugg, shrugging his shoulders. "Good, sir. Since the business is to be done by some hands, let it be done by mine. Such was my principle in the case of Rugg and Bawkins. Such is my principle in most cases."

Clennam then proceeded to state to Mr. Rugg his fixed resolution. He told Mr. Rugg that his partner was a man of great simplicity and integrity, and that in all he meant to do, he was guided above all things by a knowledge of his partner's character, and a respect for his feelings. He explained that his partner was then absent on an enterprise of importance, and that it particularly behoved himself publicly to accept the blame of what he had rashly done, and publicly to exonerate his partner from all participation in the responsibility of it, lest the successful conduct of that enterprise should be endangered by the slightest suspicion wrongfully attaching to his partner's honor and credit in another country. He told Mr. Rugg that to clear his partner morally, to the fullest extent, and publicly and unreservedly to declare that he, Arthur Clennam, of that Firm, had of his own sole act, and even expressly against his partner's caution, embarked its resources in the swindles that had lately perished, was the only real atonement within his power; was a better atonement to the particular man than it would be to many men; and was therefore the atonement he had first to make. With this view, his intention was to print a declaration to the foregoing effect, which he had already drawn up; and, besides circulating it among all who had dealings with the House, to advertise it in the public papers. Concurrently with this measure (the description of which cost Mr. Rugg innumerable wry faces and great uneasiness in his limbs), he would address a letter to all the creditors, exonerating his partner in a solemn manner, informing them of the stoppage of the House until their pleasure could be known and his partner communicated with, and humbly submitting himself to their direction. If, through their consideration for his partner's innocence, the affairs could ever be got into such train as that the business could be profitably resumed, and its present downfall overcome, then his own share in it should revert to his partner, as the only reparation he could make to him in money value for the distress and loss he had unhappily brought upon him, and he himself, at as small a salary as he could live upon, would ask to be allowed to serve the business as a faithful clerk.

Though Mr. Rugg saw plainly that there was no preventing this

from being done, still the wryness of his face and the uneasiness of his limbs so sorely required the propitiation of a Protest, that he made one. "I offer no objection, sir," said he, "I argue no point with you. I will carry out your views, sir; but, under protest." Mr. Rugg then stated, not without prolixity, the heads of his protest. These were, in effect, Because the whole town, or he might say the whole country, was in the first madness of the late discovery, and the resentment against the victims would be very strong: those who had not been deluded being certain to wax exceedingly wroth with them for not having been as wise as they were; and those who had been deluded, being certain to find excuses and reasons for themselves, of which they were equally certain to see that other sufferers were wholly devoid; not to mention the great probability of every individual sufferer persuading himself, to his violent indignation, that but for the example of all the other sufferers he never would have put himself in the way of suffering. Because such a declaration as Clennam's, made at such a time, would certainly draw down upon him a storm of animosity, rendering it impossible to calculate on forbearance in the creditors, or on unanimity among them; and exposing him a solitary target to a straggling cross-fire, which might bring him down from half a dozen quarters at once.

To all this Clennam merely replied that, granting the whole protest, nothing in it lessened the force, or could lessen the force, of the voluntary and public exoneration of his partner. He therefore, once for all, requested Mr. Rugg's immediate aid in getting the business dispatched. Upon that, Mr. Rugg fell to work; and Arthur, retaining no property to himself but his clothes and books, and a little loose money, placed his small private banker's-account with the papers of the business.

The disclosure was made, and the storm raged fearfully. Thousands of people were wildly staring about for somebody alive to heap reproaches on; and this notable case, courting publicity, set the living somebody so much wanted, on a scaffold. When people who had nothing to do with the case were so sensible of its flagrancy, people who lost money by it could scarcely be expected to deal mildly with it. Letters of reproach and invective showered in from the creditors; and Mr. Rugg, who sat upon the high stool every day and read them all, informed his client within a week that he feared there were writs out.

"I must take the consequences of what I have done," said Clennam. "The writs will find me here."

On the very next morning, as he was turning into Bleeding-Heart Yard by Mrs. Plornish's corner, Mrs. Plornish stood at the door waiting for him, and mysteriously besought him to step into Happy Cottage. There he found Mr. Rugg.

"I thought I'd wait for you here. I wouldn't go on to the Counting-house this morning if I was you, sir."

"Why not, Mr. Rugg?"

"There are as many as five out, to my knowledge."

"It cannot be too soon over," said Clennam. "Let them take me, at once."

"Yes, but," said Mr. Rugg, getting between him and the door,

"hear reason, hear reason. They'll take you soon enough, Mr. Clennam, I don't doubt; but, hear reason. It almost always happens, in these cases, that some insignificant matter pushes itself in front and makes much of itself. Now, I find there's a little one out—a mere Palace Court jurisdiction—and I have reason to believe that a caption may be made upon that. I wouldn't be taken upon that."

"Why not?" asked Clennam.

"I'd be taken on a full-grown one, sir," said Mr. Rugg. "It's as well to keep up appearances. As your professional adviser, I should prefer your being taken on a writ from one of the Superior Courts, if you have no objection to do me that favor. It looks better."

"Mr. Rugg," said Arthur in his dejection, "my only wish is, that it should be over. I will go on, and take my chance."

"Another word of reason, sir!" cried Mr. Rugg. "Now, this is reason. The other may be taste; but this is reason. If you should be taken on the little one, sir, you would go to the Marshalsea. Now, you know what the Marshalsea is. Very close. Excessively confined. Whereas in the King's Bench——" Mr. Rugg waved his right hand freely, as expressing abundance of space.

"I would rather," said Clennam, "be taken to the Marshalsea than to any other prison."

"Do you say so indeed, sir?" returned Mr. Rugg. "Then this is taste, too, and we may be walking."

He was a little offended at first, but he soon overlooked it. They walked through the Yard to the other end. The Bleeding Hearts were more interested in Arthur since his reverses than formerly: now regarding him as one who was true to the place and had taken up his freedom. Many of them came out to look after him, and to observe to one another, with great unctuousness, that he was "pulled down by it." Mrs. Plornish and her father stood at the top of the steps at their own end, much depressed and shaking their heads.

There was nobody visibly in waiting when Arthur and Mr. Rugg arrived at the Counting-house. But, an elderly member of the Jewish persuasion, preserved in rum, followed them close, and looked in at the glass before Mr. Rugg had opened one of the day's letters. "Oh!" said Mr. Rugg, looking up. "How do you do? Step in.—Mr. Clennam, I think this is the gentleman I was mentioning."

"The gentleman explained the object of his visit to be 'a tyfling madder ob bithznithz,'" and executed his legal function.

"Shall I accompany you, Mr. Clennam?" asked Mr. Rugg politely, rubbing his hands.

"I would rather go alone, thank you. Be so good as send me my clothes." Mr. Rugg in a light airy way replied in the affirmative, and shook hands with him. He and his attendant then went downstairs, got into the first conveyance they found, and drove to the old gates.

"Where I little thought, Heaven forgive me," said Clennam to himself, "that I should ever enter thus!"

Mr. Chivery was on the Lock, and Young John was in the Lodge: either newly released from it, or waiting to take his own spell of duty.

Both were more astonished on seeing who the new prisoner was, than one might have thought turnkeys would have been. The elder Mr. Chivery shook hands with him in a shame-faced kind of way, and said, "I don't call to mind, sir, as I was ever less glad to see you." The younger Mr. Chivery, more distant, did not shake hands with him at all; he stood looking at him in a state of indecision so observable, that it even came within the observation of Clennam with his heavy eyes and heavy heart. Presently afterwards, Young John disappeared into the jail.

As Clennam knew enough of the place to know that he was required to remain in the Lodge a certain time, he took a seat in a corner, and feigned to be occupied with the perusal of letters from his pocket. They did not so engross his attention, but that he saw, with gratitude, how the elder Mr. Chivery kept the Lodge clear of prisoners; how he signed to some, with his keys, not to come in, how he nudged others with his elbow to go out, and how he made his misery as easy to him as he could.

Arthur was sitting with his eyes fixed on the floor, recalling the past, brooding over the present, and not attending to either, when he felt himself touched upon the shoulder. It was by Young John; and he said, "You can come now."

He got up and followed Young John. When they had gone a step or two within the inner iron-gate, Young John turned and said to him:

"You want a room. I have got you one."

"I thank you heartily."

Young John turned again, and took him in at the old doorway, up the old staircase, into the old room. Arthur stretched out his hand. Young John looked at it, looked at him—sternly—swelled, choked, and said:

"I don't know as I can. No, I find I can't. But I thought you'd like the room, and here it is for you."

Surprise at this inconsistent behaviour yielded when he was gone (he went away directly), to the feelings which the empty room awakened in Clennam's wounded breast, and to the crowding associations with the one good and gentle creature who had sanctified it. Her absence in his altered fortunes made it, and him in it, so very desolate and so much in need of such a face of love and truth, that he turned against the wall to weep, sobbing out, as his heart relieved itself, "O my Little Dorrit!"



JOHN SHAW LEIGH, Esq.

JOHN NAYLOR, Esq.

DIRECTORS, &c., IN LIVERPOOL

CHARLES TURNER, Esq., CHAIRMAN.

JOHN BRAMLEY-MOORE, Esq., M.P., AND RALPH BROCKLEBANK, Esq.,
DEPUTY CHAIRMEN.

T. D. ANDERSON, Esq.
MICHAEL BELCHER, Esq.
GEORGE BOOKER, Esq.
THOMAS BOUCH, Esq.
MICHAEL BOUSFIELD, Esq.
DAVID CANNON, Esq.
THOMAS DOVER, Esq.
ROBERT ELLISON HARVEY, Esq.
JAMES HOLME, Esq.
THOMAS DYSON HORNBY, Esq.

GEORGE H. HORSFALL, Esq.
RICHARD HOUGHTON, Esq.
EDWARD JOHNSTON, Esq.
ROGER LYON JONES, Esq.
JAMES LAWRENCE, Esq.
ROBERT M'ANDREW, Esq.
W. J. MARROW, Esq.
FRANCIS MAXWELL, Esq.
WILLIAM SMITH, Esq.
JOHN TORR, Esq.

AUDITORS

WILLIAM TITHERINGTON, Esq., AND JOHN DICKINSON, Esq.

Surgeon—HUGH NEILL, F.R.A.S.

Surveyor—SAMUEL HOLME, Esq. | Solicitor—SEPTIMUS BOOKER, Esq.
Manager and Actuary—PERCY M. DOVE, Esq.

LONDON ESTABLISHMENT

No. 29, LOMBARD STREET, CORNER OF CLEMENT'S LANE.

DIRECTORS, &c., IN LONDON

SAMUEL BAKER, Esq., CHAIRMAN.

ROBERT B. BYASS, Esq.
RICHARD COOKE COLES, Esq.
HENRY KENDALL, Esq.
THOMAS LANCASTER, Esq.

EDWARD MACKMURDO, Esq.
DANIEL HENRY RUCKER, Esq.
WILLIAM WAINWRIGHT, Esq.
JOHN WESTMORLAND, Esq.

Secretary to London Board—JOHN B. JOHNSTON, Esq.

Solicitors—Messrs. JENKINSON, SWEETING, and JENKINSON.

Surgeon—Dr. SANDERSON, 26, Upper Berkeley Street, Portman Square.

Surveyor—JOHN BELCHER, Esq.

The Royal Insurance Company

The City Article of the LONDON TIMES, of the 24th July last, states that the transactions of the Royal Insurance Company "appear to have been of a perfectly satisfactory character." It includes the following statements confirmatory of that opinion:—

PREMIUMS.

The Premiums of Nine Offices enumerated are stated to be .. £324,924
Of which the Royal alone amount to..... 371,957
being 82 per cent. of the accumulated Premiums of the remaining Eight Companies.

EXPENDITURE.

The expenditure of Insurance Companies is, at present, attracting the anxious attention of the Public. The statement of "The Times" has elicited the following remarks from a contemporary:—"Here, again, the Royal Insurance Company occupies a position of honourable pre-eminence; for while its expenses of management, spread over a period of three years, have been *less than 20 per cent.*, those of five other offices, extending over an equal time—for we omit those which have been established within three years, or we might make a much stronger case—have varied from 22 to 74 per cent., and in one case have been as high as 111 per cent. on the receipts.

RESOURCES.

In like manner, the entire Funds in hand of thirteen offices is quoted, in "The Times," at £1,238,688, including the Royal, which alone is £372,394, and which is, therefore, equal to 43 per Cent. of the accumulated funds of the remaining twelve offices; or, to make the VAST RESOURCES of the Company still more manifest, it may be stated that, putting aside the three largest offices named, (the funds of the greatest of which barely exceed *one-half* of those of the "Royal") the united funds of the remaining ten offices do not equal the funds of this Company.

The favourable position in which this Company is placed in "The Times" article, would have been even more prominently shown if the experience of other years than those taken had been selected.

As an instance, the following is the result taken from the accounts of the Company for the year 1855:—

Fire Premiums and other Receipts, not including Life	£149,812 13 7
Losses, Expenses, and Dividend.....	131,684 13 8
Balance as a Reserve from one year's transactions alone.....	18,127 19 11
Funds in hand, without including ample Reserve for Life Liabilities.. Upwards of	400,000 0 0

L I F E

LARGE BONUS DECLARED 1855,
Amounting to £2 per cent. per Annum on the sum assured, being,
on ages from Twenty to Forty, 80 per cent. on the premium.

PERIODS OF DIVISION—EVERY FIVE YEARS.

The accumulated Expenditure of 54 Life Offices enumerated by The Times of 12th August last, compared with their amount of Premium and Interest, is stated to be 61 per cent.

The Expenditure of the Royal Insurance Company is only.....13 per cent.

W. E. Percyp M. Dove,

ACTUARY AND MANAGER.

BABIES' BERCEAU-NETTES, TWO-AND-A-HALF GUINEAS.

**BABIES'
HOODS,
HALF-A-GUINEA.**



**BABIES'
CASHMERE
CLOAKS,
ONE GUINEA.**

BABIES' BASKETS, ONE GUINEA.

Valenciennes and Embroidered Frocks and Robes for Christening Presents; the same less expensive, for the Nursery. Baby-Linen, in complete sets, of varied qualities.

**ALL THE BEAUTIFUL MATERIALS USED IN THE BUSINESS,
SOLD BY THE YARD.**

MARRIAGE OUTFITS COMPLETE.

Everything necessary for the "Trousseau," as well as the inexpensive things required for the "Indian Voyage."

White Dressing Gowns, One Guinea; Cotton Hosiery, 2s. 6d.; Ladies' Patent Corsets, 16s. 6d.; Real Balbriggan Hosiery.

This part of the Business under the management of
Mrs. TAYLOR.

LADIES' RIDING TROUSERS,

CHAMOIS LEATHER, WITH BLACK FEET.

RIDING TALMAS, 1½ GUINEA.

Young Gentlemen's Superfine Cloth Jackets, 35s.; School ditto, 25s.; Young Gentlemen's Shirts, 5s. 6d. Naval Cadets' Outfits complete.

RIDING HABITS, 5½ to 8 GUINEAS.

BLACK MERINO HABITS, FOR LITTLE GIRLS, 2½ GUINEAS.

Everything of the superior excellence for which the House has been celebrated for Thirty Years.

53, BAKER STREET,

NEAR MADAME TUSSAUD'S EXHIBITION.

W. G. TAYLOR, late HALLIDAY.

(sc)
PR4562
A1
1855
c.2
17

WILLIAM S. BURTON'S

GENERAL FURNISHING IRONMONGERY WAREHOUSE,

39, OXFORD STREET, W.

(CORNER OF NEWMAN STREET.)

Nos. 1, 1a, 2, & 3, NEWMAN STREET; and 4, 5, & 6, PERRY'S PLACE,
LONDON.

FENDERS, STOVES, AND FIRE-IRONS.

Buyers of the above are requested, before finally deciding, to visit

WILLIAM S. BURTON'S SHOW-ROOMS.

They contain such an assortment of

**FENDERS, STOVES, RANGES, FIRE-IRONS, AND GENERAL
IRONMONGERY,**

As cannot be approached elsewhere, either for variety, novelty, beauty of design, or exquisiteness of
workmanship.

Bright Stoves, with Bronzed Ornaments, and two sets of Bars, £4 14s. to £13 13s.; ditto, with Ormolu Orna-
ments and two sets of Bars, £5 5s. to £22; Bronzed Fenders, with Standards, 7s. to £5 12s; Steel Fenders,
£2 15s. to £11; ditto, with rich Ormolu Ornaments, £2 15s. to £18; Fire-Irons, from 1s. 9d. the set to £4 4s.

The Burton and all other Patent Stoves, with radiating hearth-plates.

THE PERFECT SUBSTITUTE FOR SILVER.

THE REAL NICKEL SILVER,

Introduced twenty years ago by

WILLIAM S. BURTON,

when PLATED by the patent process of Messrs. Elkington and Co., is beyond all comparison the very best article
next to Sterling Silver that can be employed as such, either usefully or ornamentally, as by no possible test can
it be distinguished from real Silver.

	Fiddle or Old Silver Pattern.	Thread or Brunswick Pattern.	King's Pattern.
Table Spoons and Forks, per dozen.....	38s.	48s.	60s.
Dessert ditto and ditto	30s.	35s.	42s.
Tea ditto	18s.	24s.	30s.

Tea and Coffee Sets, Cruet and Liqueur Frames, Waiters, Candlesticks, &c., at proportionate Prices. All kinds
of re-plating done by the patent process.

CHEMICALLY PURE NICKEL, NOT PLATED.

	Fiddle.	Thread.	King's.
Table Spoons and Forks, per dozen	12s.	28s.	30s.
Dessert ditto and ditto	10s.	21s.	25s.
Tea ditto.....	5s.	11s.	12s.

THE ADDITIONS TO THESE EXTENSIVE PREMISES ARE OF SUCH A CHARACTER THAT THE

ENTIRE OF EIGHT HOUSES

Is now devoted to the display of the most Magnificent

STOCK OF GENERAL HOUSE IRONMONGERY,

(Including Cutlery, Nickel Silver, Plated Goods, Baths, Brushes, Turnery, Clocks, Lamps, Gaseliers, Iron and Brass
Bedsteads, Bedding and Bed Hangings,) so arranged in SIXTEEN LARGE SHOW-ROOMS, as to afford to
parties furnishing facilities in the selection of goods that cannot be hoped for elsewhere.

Illustrated Catalogues sent (per post) free.